

PICTURES IN
THE FIRE



COLMAN,

NORK PARK.



To Mrs J E Calman
With the kindest
affectionate regards

187

POEMS.



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

And other Thoughts.

IN RHYME AND VERSE.

BY

GEORGE DALZIEL.

*Author of "Mattie Grey," and other poems, "My Neighbour Nellie,"
"Only a Flower Girl," &c., &c.*



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MAN

TO MY
BROTHER EDWARD,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
THE FIFTY YEARS WE HAVE SPENT FIGHTING
THE BATTLE OF LIFE TOGETHER,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

1887.

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SONGS UNSUNG.

THERE is a chord in every heart
That holds the true poetic ring,
Tho' all may not possess the art
To weave the words that poets sing.
It is not words alone that tell—
Nor music, with its soul of song—
Where the poetic fire may dwell
That lights the path a whole life long.

The mother, crooning o'er her child,
With all the yearning, loving heart,
There, dreaming dreams that may be wild,
In which her babe shall bear a part ;
The aged man, with sob and tear,
The grasp of hand, the looks that tell
A father's love—his hope and fear,
When to a son he says "farewell !"
Are these not poems, tho' unsung,
That might befit the sweetest tongue ?

With what strange sense of joy and pain
We call to mind that last glad day
All spent with one we ne'er again
May meet in this life's journey-way ;
As hand in hand through woody glade,
'Mong wild flowers, and the fluttering wing,
Or by the brook in leafy shade,
We heard the song-bird's carolling !

The empty room we wander through
Where oft the dance and song have been,
Where from young hearts the light laugh flew
In bursts, with merry jest between ;
The jest, the song, the laughter fled,
And, oh ! we feel that never more,
Now these young hearts are cold and dead,
Shall come the glad joy-days of yore.

A maiden seated on the shore,
There gazing o'er the broad deep wave,
To watch for one she may no more
Behold, or ever find his grave ;—
The exile, standing far apart,
At close of day no songs can cheer—
Home scenes come crowding in his heart
With sounds that fill no other ear.

Again the charm of bright glad eyes,
The words they speak, the tales they tell,
The depth of holy light that lies
Within those orbs we love so well :
They gladden all the darkest day,
They give new light to sunny sky,
And so, while life holds on its way,
Will sweet love look from loving eye.

The memory of a mother's love,
The music of her simple song—
That melody soars far above
The chorus of a noisy throng.
Oh ! these are poems of the heart
We would not lose for all we see,
Tho' lacking all the poet's art
To weave them into minstrelsy.

“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE.”

“RING up!”—A little tinkling bell rings up
The dull green curtain o’er the world’s wide stage ;
Another actor comes to drain the cup—
To make or mar another unwrit page
Of that grim book whose burning records tell
Of hope, of joy, of tender love and tears,—
Of those who played their busy part so well,
That nations sing their fame for years and years.

And all this great wide world is but a stage,
Where man shall come and quickly pass away ;
Shall laugh and woo, shall dance, and fret, and rage ;
Where good and bad live out their little day.
The infant “mewling” on its mother’s lap ;
The schoolboy creeps “unwillingly to school ;”
The sighing lover ; well, with time, mayhap,
He plays the wise or plays the giddy fool.

The tender maiden blushing in her teens—
To her the world seems sunny bright and fair ;
With merry step she onward bounds, and gleans
The golden hours that never tell of care.
Now nature looks so full of light and green,
While birds fill all the woods with silv'ry song—
And round her path the glow of summer sheen—
For glad young life bounds joyously along.

The youth who dashes fearless to the fray,
And recketh not of barriers that oppose ;
He sees the goal, then forward on his way,
And conquered only by o'erwhelming foes.
The soldier—Oh ! 'tis not that man alone
Who wears the scarlet coat and flashing sword,
Must brave the battle-front, and still toil on,
Breasting for life the fierce storm-swollen ford.

Life's soldier, who goes daily forth to fight—
To battle with the ever-surgin' crowd,
From early morn till late into the night,
All weary, worn, with heavy labour bowed ;
This toiler in the rugged work-day world,
Hath he not care that few can know or tell—
To stand where fiery shafts are rudely hurled,
And guard the little ones he loves so well ?

And actors come, as happy as the day,
Here on the stage, in flush of manhood's prime,
While ruddy children gambolling shall play,
And pealing bells ring out their merry chime ;
For there are sunny scenes of life to tell,
Where scented roses in the garden grow—
Broad grassy mead, and sunlit woody dell,
And valleys where the gurgling brooklets flow ;
And honest poor, who dwell in cottage home,
Through guileless youth to quiet cheerful age,—
Who pass upon their way, nor wish to roam
'Mid busy scene of this world's shifting stage.

Here prince and peasant meet upon the way ;
Here hunger croucheth, close upon the scene
Where revelry may hold its merry sway,
And thoughtless youth dance light upon the green.
Some loiter through the busy days of life ;
They laugh, and quaff the sweets of glad delight,—
As though wild-beating storm, nor war, nor strife
Had ever been, from dawn to dark'ning night.

And then "the lean and slippered pantaloon"
Comes wheezing, shuffling slow upon the stage,—
"Shrunk shank" in "youthful hose ;" alas ! how soon
The pride of youth sinks down to tottering age !—

"Out, out, brief candle!" let the flicker die,
"Life's but a walking shadow" on the scene,—
A flutter of sweet song, a parting sigh,
And all the toil of life lies there between.

And as the curtain falls, the scene to end,
That told life's tale from infancy to age,—
There aye hath been, howe'er the way did tend,
Fierce fight the soldier of the world must wage—
Quick now as hurried words the tale can tell
Of all the joy and sorrow by the way,
We hear the tinkle of the prompter's bell,
New actors step upon the stage to play.

"Ring down!"—The little bell once more shall sound,
And let the heavy curtain slowly fall
To close the scene that had its merry round,
For here's again the prompter's tinkling call.
Our play is done—and lo! the lights are out;—
Some chances lost,—we little care who wins;—
The crowd dispersing goes with song and shout;
Ring up! ring up!—a new play now begins!

MY BOOKS.

I HAVE a few of varied sort,—
And some are sad, some full of sport,
 Some rife with lore that's antique.
Some lead me with a gentle hand
O'er mountain top, through many a land,
 And 'cross the wild Atlantic.

If I am sad, they bring me joy,
Their laughter leaves no cold alloy ;
 Each book is like a brother,—
Here, friends we sit, and chat, and sing,
And which the brightest thought shall bring
 They vie with one another.

Some tell me tales so strange and wild,
I wonder, like a little child,
 If all is true they're telling.
But, true or false, I'll let it go,
For there they stand a goodly row,
 With not one face repelling.

What matter though the bank may smash,
Or earthquake swallow all the cash,
 And ruin round me flutter ;
If these my friends are left me still,
I'll calmly totter down the hill
 Of life, and never mutter

Grim discontent or heavy groan,
That all the goody-goods are gone,
 Which I had held as prizes ;
Though rough the blow, and hard my lot,
Still happy in the friends I've got,—
 These friends wear no disguises.

* * * * *

My books ! my friends, my dear companions all !
 My never-failing—ever true and fair !
There standing round, come ready to my call,
 And talk, and sing, and tell their wonders rare.
If I am sad, they give me joyous song ;
 Or if I wish for pleasant talk the while,
My friends are there, and will for short or long,
 Just as I please, the ling'ring hour beguile.
With them at ease I play the conjuror's part,—
 They bring for me the stores of other times,—
Oh, rare the grace !—oh, rare the cunning art
 That stirs the sluggish heart with ringing rhymes !

I see the patriot rear his banner high ;
The troops march gaily through the busy town ;
Methinks I hear the trembling maiden sigh
As her true knight goes forth to seek renown.
King Arthur, with his warriors brave and good,
Comes forth, the dauntless flower of chivalry ;
And there be priests in monkish garb and hood,
As well as motley fools of revelry.
I see from castle wall the banners wave,
The host arrayed in line of battle stand ;
I hear the warriors shout, " Godfrey the brave !"
And see them fight for love of Holy Land.

'Neath walls of Troy I see the valiant Greek,
Brave Ajax, and the mighty Hector there ;
In fancy hear the aged Priam speak,
And see fair Helen with the golden hair ;
The warlike braves in single combat stand,
The ponderous spear each doughty hero hurled.
Fair Beatrice takes Dante by the hand,
And shows the myst'ries of the hidden world.

The pensive Tasso with his blighted love,
His prison, poverty, and laurel crown,—
The lustre of his fame, that towers above
The tyrant prince who dared to beat him down.

Sweet scenes of peace ! here in my native land
These loving friends will each a posie bring,
With wooing words they take my ready hand,
And lead, where meadows smile and brooklets sing ;
Where scented flow'rs cling round the cottage home,
Sweet new-mown hay, and fields of ripening corn,—
The broad smooth lake, the gorge where waters foam,
The shady grove, or by the scented thorn.

With them I journey over land and sea,
O'er rugged wild or by the sandy shore ;
Now o'er the heathered hill with boyish glee,—
Or on the grassy bank read magic lore :
I see the fairies in the woody dells,
I join their midnight revels on the green ;
The tower where the Enchanted Princess dwells,
Embowered in a blaze of golden sheen.

With them I travel o'er the arid plain,—
And wander where the palm and plantain grow,—
Through citron groves—or vine-clad summit gain,
Climb mountains clad with thousand years of snow,
The healthy moor, and o'er the high hill-top,
And seem to breathe the cold crisp frosty air,
As from the lofty Alpine icy slope
I see the fertile valleys stretching there.

And still, again, I sail the sunny wave,
I hear the gentle ripple on the shore,—
Or on the deck the wildest storm would brave,—
Again I hear the blazing mountain roar ;
'Mong lofty pines, or where the olives grow ;
Through far-off lands with Livingstone I roam,
Or loiter where the mighty rivers flow,
While sitting in my easy chair at home.
There is no land in all the world we know,
There is no mighty lake or frozen sea,
No hidden depth where foot of man can go,
But my true friends will find and show to me.

And as for fun ! oh, yes, there's lots of fun,
And jokes that rollick like a group of boys
Out fresh from school; to have a merry run,—
Or young girls happy with their baby toys ;
They make me laugh as laughs a merry child—
These joyous friends that I can best recall,—
That weary hours have oft for me beguiled,
Immortal Hood the rarest of them all.

For some will sing, and some will tell a tale,
A simple story full of jocund glee,—
And anecdote with point that cannot fail
To cheer the heart with true hilarity ;

Kind jovial friends that merry songs can sing,
Or with a touch of pathos bring the tear ;
Anon I hear the wedding bells out-ring,
And now for gallant deeds the sounding cheer.

Here true they stand, the many great and good,
The fairest names the world can ever tell ;
For some like gold the test of time have stood,
And some !—Oh, there be “ maidens fair ” as well,
That take a foremost place amid the true,
Good trusty friends there loitering by the wall ;
Here Art and Poetry and Science too,
With Travellers that come whene'er I call.

When day is done, with all its toil and care,
The time that busy men together strove,—
My friends come forth the quiet hour to share,—
The friends I trust, and trusting, best I love ;
Here motley fool may preach a sermon true,
Or sombre garb may tell a merry tale ;
Here by the fire where these warm friendships grew
They talk to me—the friends that never fail.

LONDON.

WHAT shall we tell of mighty London town,
Where palaces and dingy hovels stand?—
How sing its praises and its great renown,—
Tell of its widespread fame in every land?
How vast a world of ever-changing phase
Of life that heaves up in its heart, between
The palace where the curious stand and gaze,
And broad deep docks where gallant ships are seen!

Where will its mighty strides outstretching stay,
That now go crushing all our green spots down?
The daisied fields and ground with blossoms gay
Are blotted out to make a larger town.
To-day we see the brook reflect the sky,
And song-birds gaily singing overhead;
To-morrow, as by magic touch, they fly,
And rows of houses standing in their stead.

This London ! what a wondrous busy place
It is, whichever way you turn to look !
Where'er you go, there is some anxious face
You seem to read as you would read a book :
The weary toiler as he plods along,
The idler loitering on the sunny side—
The old, the young, the weakling, and the strong,
They all tell something how the moments glide.

“ London, thou art the flower of cities all,
A town of towns,” so sang an ancient bard.
And good or ill that may to thee befall
Must claim all good men's wonder and regard.
Here many thousand miles* of winding street,
Unending, seem to stretch out far away,
And darksome dens where crime and squalor meet,
To hide their foulness from the light of day.

Its living masses surging to and fro,
Across the bridge and down the dusty road,—
From early hour the busy footsteps go,
Some light o' foot, some weary with the load ;—
Unceasingly thus hour by hour rolls on,
And only in the crush a scanty few,
Who do not seem as though 't were they alone
That kept the nation's compass pointing true.

* London is now estimated to contain about 8,000 miles of streets.

And here from every nation, old and young,
Come men and women crowding in the throng,
With wond'ring eyes, and speaking every tongue—
Some gaze, while some unheeding pass along.
Here "polished Frank, Barbarian, Greek, and Jew,"
Go where you may, some stranger face you meet,
Some seeming false—'mong many good and true,
All swell the busy crowd in London's street.

Here all that's great and worthy of renown
Comes crowding on to swell the human tide ;
Here commerce proudly rears its golden crown,
And forms a centre for the whole world wide.
While on its silvery silent broad highway,
Rich-laden argosies from every sea
Come sailing in, as tide flows, night and day,
With stores for daily need or luxury.

Here rich and poor are jostling in the throng,
The miser and the spendthrift side by side ;
Here sweetest voice may sing melodious song,
While loud rough oaths the true and good deride.
Here Charity comes forth with open hand
To give, wherever want or woe may be—
To help the sorrowing in every land,—
And at her elbow cunning Knavery.

Here in the park, 'mong lofty spreading trees,
Or on the greensward, by the placid lake,
We see the loitering throng who try to please,
As tho' life's golden dream would never break.
Here we may see the sweet pale face and sad,
Some true and young, and some that dye their hair ;
Some seeming all that's jubilant and glad,
And some, poor things, are "paintified" and fair.

Some cushioned in the cozy lap of home,
Where all the air is filled with sweet perfume,—
Where neither cold nor pinching care can come,
And rosy light admits no shade of gloom.
While darkly crouching on the other side
Pale Want and Woe in tattered garb we see,
And squalid dens no cunning art can hide
Fill up the blurr'd dark scene of misery.

How many a youthful pair—the "lad and lass"—
Have entered here upon the world's rough way,
Hope hiding every dark spot as they pass,
And making all one blaze of sunny day ;
Their glad hearts bounding as they wend along,
They hear no sighing nor the sound of care ;
All joy-bells ringing, and the minstrel's song,
And unblurr'd beauty round them everywhere.

How many a pair, now aged man and wife,
Who've borne the burden and the noonday heat,
When beaten in the hard unequal strife,
Sink down exhausted in the crowded street—
The crowded ways of busy London town,
Where all is rush and struggle who's to win :
The tide sweeps past the weaklings that are down,
Their wailing drowned in its tumultuous din.

Here where five million human hearts do beat
With all their varied joys and sorrows rife,
Here where the strong opposing tides aye meet
The floods of calm and stormy troubled life,—
In this great Babylon we daily find,
As on the dusty road we toiling go,
The babbling idiot, and the well-poised mind,
The height of human bliss, the depth of woe.

Oh ! in this maze of many a winding way,
Where every grade of human life we see,
As opposite as storm to sunlit day,
As joyous life to darkest destiny,
How many a darksome deed done every night !
How many a tale of crime that's never told !
How many noble lives lost in the fight !
How many lambs are gathered in the fold !

Five millions daily surging to and fro !—
Five million people here of every grade,
In counting from the very poor and low
To Royal rank—and that's how London's made.
Great London, mighty city of the world !
The proudest far in commerce and renown,—
We pause to ask, wert thou to ruin hurled,
What would the world be without London town?

*DARK NIGHT.*

DARK night ! Come now, dark, dreary night
When all the earth sleep-shrouded lies,
And, what were, erewhile, sunny skies,
Give now no joyous ray of light.
When mountain, moor, and meadow green,
The sheltered cot and garden gay ;—
Their beauty all has passed away,
And dreamy darkness only seen.
The brooklet ! now it glides along
O'er pebble bed or sedgy way,
No joyous sound as in the day,
But dull'd the merry rippling song.
All sleeping seems the world to lie
While drowsy night is passing by.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

PHASE I.

My little maid, my pretty maid, now sitting by the fire,
What is there in the burning glow your little eyes admire?
While gazing on the glowing coal with such a pleased
smile,
What pictures are there passing by, your young heart to
beguile?

There do you see a happy group of children at their play,
In full sweet joyous summer time among the scented hay?
Or in the grassy meadow, with their frolic and their fun,
Spending all the happy hours until the golden day is done?

Or see you not a maiden by the brooklet as it flows,
There plucking leaves in idle mood from off the scented
rose?
While leaf by leaf tells how her throbbing heart is in a
dream,—
Yes, see you not a maiden fair, there standing by the stream?

Or yonder bashful youth that's lazy loitering by the stile,
And casting many a wistful look adown the road the while?
And there a damsel tripping comes across the daisied
green,
With smile that gives another ray of light to summer sheen?

Or is there yet another picture, maiden, by the fire?
The church, with goodly company dressed out in gay
attire,—
And bashful maids with beating hearts around the altar
stand,
One decked with orange blossoms and a ring upon her
hand?

We'll look no more, fair little maid, there sitting by the
fire,
For castle-building in the air, or hopes dragged in the
mire;
Whatever forms of joy or care your little eye may see,
This life, from infancy to age, is veiled in mystery.

All barriers past, the onward way is fraught with weal
or woe;
There may be cool and shady groves along the road you go;
It may be song and scented flowers there shedding joy
around,
Or it may be a stormy life with bitter wailing sound.

PHASE II.

AGAIN, fair maiden, by the glowing coal you sit and gaze ;
There tracing pictures in the fire that tell of coming days ;
And far adown the dusty road the flickering light may fly,
And show green grassy spots where gleams of merry sun-
shine lie.

Now see you there a comely pair, that, gallant hand in
hand

Go forth to fight life's battle through the bleak and stormy
land—

To climb together life's steep hill, nor flinch for care or
woe,—

Together to the end of life as tide may ebb or flow ?

Another picture ! Now a home that's filled with joy you
see,—

A mother sitting by the fire, an infant on her knee,
And ever fondly pressing her young babe to her breast,
She gently hums a sweet love song to lull the child to rest,

Now do you see a matron in her home, so busy there,—
A home that's like a garden full of blooming choice and rare ?
And sounds of song like rippling brook or gently waving
leaves,

Or like sweet music that we hear on calm bright summer
eves ?

A home where ruddy children come and go without a care,
From bearded youth and blushing maid to babe with
flaxen hair ;

Where glows the light of happy love—whatever fate betide,
Where every cloud is banished from the joyous home fire-
side.

But what is this? A shadow dark that rests upon your
brow?

Is there a dear one missing there—a chair that's empty
now ?

No more upon the picture look that fills the fading glow,
Perchance a crushing grief may cause the bitter tears to
flow.

Wake from the dream, and turn those young and wistful
eyes away,

For vanished from the pictures now is light of sunny day,—
Give up the quest, my maiden fair! Your eyelids only tire :
You cannot mould the weal or woe by gazing at the fire.

PHASE III.

How rosy look'd the glowing coal when life had just
begun !—

How full of hope the pictures when but twenty years were
done !

But, ah! the gap that lies between the weary, *now* and
then,

Between the maid scarce past her teens and "three-score
years and ten."

The hope, the fear, the crowning joy of life's bright golden
day,—

When all the world was like a garden full of scented
may;—

When friends and kindred gathered round, and merry
songs were sung,—

But now!—the world has lost its bloom, and solemn bells
are rung.

We saw a little maiden sit beside the bright red glow,
There looking at the pictures as they flickered to and fro;
Again, when older, scenes of love filled all her wistful
gaze,

And now the matron, musing, sees the long-past happy
days.

Now weary, worn with length of years and sitting all
alone,

Close by the fire,—recalling days that are for ever gone,—
The pictures that did live and move as life went gliding
by,

With not a cloud to darken all the fair, blue, sunny
sky.

Now do you see those merry days in pictures passing there,
When all was green and beautiful, with music in the air?
When life was worth the living, for so radiant was
its joy,
You never dreamt that aught would come to weary or
annoy.

Now see'st thou the bread-winner that comes with happy
smile,
Contented with the greeting sweet that children bring the
while;—
They climb his knee in glad delight, love laughing in their
eyes,
All eager for the "envied kiss," that ever golden prize?

Come schoolboys home with ruddy cheek and laughter in
the train?
Are youths and maidens, lover-like, now loitering in the
lane?
And weddings, more than one have shed their light, and
shed their gloom,
Yet merry was the time when lad and lass were in their
bloom.

Have all the green leaves withered gone from off the
spreading tree?—
And silent now are all the sounds of youthful revelry?—

The grassy fields where daisies grew, and where the
children played,
Are covered o'er with drifted snow, and dark's the flowery
glade.

Have all the little pattering feet now turned and gone
away,
Each in his place, to carry on the world's work of his day?
Some in the van are toiling, on the dusty road alone,
Some round the cheerful hearth in the far land where they
are gone.

Has one been stricken down upon the hard-fought
battle field?
One weary, worn and worsted, see you, on the strand
revealed?
One, on the stormy ocean, where no human hand can
save?
And one, the pride of all the rest, borne to an early
grave?

Tho' sad may be the memories the passing pictures bring,
Yet is there not a thrill of joy that, hovering, seems to
sing
Of peace and love as these old scenes are passing by
you there,
That bring the little darlings back you tended with such
care?

Yet gaze and fill your dear heart full, however faint the
glow ;

However blurred the pictures be or swiftly they may
go,—

If they recall the long past days—the happy days of yore,
The summer of the sunshine that is gone for evermore.

For soon the varied pictures there will fleeting pass away,
With all the green and sunny spots that shone like
summer day ;

For now no more the children play, no more the song is
sung,

All gone the gladsome joy of life that merry bells have
rung.

THE WILD WIND.

WHENE’ER I hear the fierce wild wind go rushing o’er the
moor,
And tearing through the bare-branch tree, and beating at
the door—
Wild beating on the window-pane, and through the turrets
rave,
I think upon the mariner, who’s tossed upon the wave.

Whene’er I hear the rushing wind that’s howling on the
beach,
And making sand-clouds whirl along, as far as eye can
reach ;
There, lashing up the stormy wave, to make it white
with foam,
I think upon the mariner, and wish him safe at home.

Woe to the stricken mariner, upon the deep dark sea,
When waters rage, and thunders roar, and flashing light-
nings flee ;

When ropes are snapped, and sails are torn, and waves
come rushing through
The sudden leak which none can close. Alas ! the hap-
less crew.

My heart yearns for the mariner, when storms are fierce
and loud ;
What thoughts of love and distant home upon his memory
crowd !
His trusting wife in agony sits trembling and forlorn,
Sore, weeping 'mid the howling wind, and watching for
the morn.

He thinks then of his little ones, that fast asleep may lie,
Unconscious of the raging sea, or storm-fiend in the sky ;
He seems to see their ruddy cheeks — bright vision's
happy form,
And hears each little laughing voice re-echoed through the
storm.

He sees them at some simple game, all happy in their
play ;
He sees them in the meadow gaily tossing up the hay.
Perchance he sees his mother sitting trembling at the door,
There watching for her son's return, who may return no
more.

Oh ! what a gallant fight for life !—the stout arm at the
helm,
There battling with the dark fierce waves, lest waters
overwhelm ;
His frail barque guiding dauntlessly, through the fierce
roaring wave,
Where human hand can never reach, nor help the strug-
gling brave.

Last night I heard the loud fierce wind drive raging o'er
the plain,
And crashing through the forest trees I heard the beating
rain ;
Then in my heart a prayer was formed for those upon the
sea,—
The tempest-tossèd mariners we never more may see.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Part I.

YOUTH.

IN THE THROG.

Who cares to sit in quiet nook,
And ponder o'er some musty book,
When all the outer world is eager rushing to and fro?
Who cares with idle hands to sit,
And let the golden moments flit,
All heedless how the heaving tide of life may ebb or flow?

Who cares to be outside the fray—
The life and bustle of the day—
When all the world is crying out for help and busy hands?
Who now would play the idler's part,
Or shrink to help the stricken heart,
Of those who groan beneath the smart of hunger's galling bands?

Who cares to wander by the stream,
Or through the woody glades to dream,
When summer sun lights up the world with all its ruddy glow?
Oh! we would rather climb the hill,
And toiling—some fair task fulfil—
Leave lazy hours, like yesterdays, behind us as we go.

We are not of the few that care
To have our quiet corner there,
Beside the fire, away from all the turmoil and the strife.
We'd rather, be it day or night,
Go forth and battle in the fight,
And win or lose a prize of worth in this world's busy life.

From royal rank to lowly born,
In every lot man finds a thorn,
Or trouble, not his own, may come to vex him on the road.
But whether it be thorny way,
Or stormy night, or sunny day,
He should be ready, staunch and true, to carry on the load.

He should be there, where busy hand
And busy brain makes valiant stand
Against the idle drones that ever crowd around the hive ;
And let him, by fair labour, give
A recompense for leave to live,
And help with heart, and all he can, the struggling as they strive.

Where'er the surging crowd may be,
In busy town or by the sea,
When willing hands may find some good and worthy work to do,
We would be there among the throng
That moves the bustling world along,
And, 'mid the turmoil, help to keep the compass pointing true.

Part II.

AGE.

OUTSIDE THE FRAY.

“*Mon petit coin.*”—BÉRANGER.

THE red tide of battle goes surging along,
The foemen—how fiercely they fight in the fray!
Down crushed are the weak by the hand of the strong,
Loud cheers and deep groans at the close of the day.
This battle of life, all so ruthless and hard,—
Now this way, now that,—now joy, singing, or moan,—
For this bustle and strife take who will the reward,
If you leave me to sit in my corner alone.

Though trickery may in each corner be done,—
Though pledges are broken and treaties are torn,
Great battles are lost and great victories won,
And dynasties vanish like mist of the morn;
Let those go who care for the rush and the roar,—
The slaughtering of thousands to build up a throne!
I'd rather be picking up shells on the shore,
Or sit in my quiet cool corner alone.

Some fight the rough elements through their career,—
The mad raging ocean with lightning aglow ;
Some dauntless press forward—though danger is near ;
Some climb to their summit great mountains of snow.
And some,—well, there are some of different clay,—
And candour insists that at once I should own
I rather would be quite outside of the fray,
And sit in a cool little corner alone.

I'd build me a castle high up in the air,
And guard the poor toilers that live down below ;
I'd give rich reward to the good and the fair,
And silv'ry bright streams through the meadows should
flow ;
With flocks too and herds, and lowing of kine,
The ripe waving corn ere the summer has flown ;
All hearts should be glad, and the joy would be mine
While building my castle and sitting alone.

Oh, there should be never a sorrower seen,
No wailing nor weeping,—none tattered and torn,—
But gladness and joy in each corner, I ween,
And sunlight of singing to welcome the morn.
The kings that are ruthless I'd thrust from their throne,
No cruel oppression or wrong should be there ;
And this is my vision while sitting alone,
Dream-building a castle high up in the air.

NOTHING TO DO!

NOTHING to do ! how strange the sound !

What, nothing left for hand or brain
To do, in all the bright day's round,
But loiter through the hours again ?

Alas ! I say, alas for you

Who feel, when shines the morning sun,
That you have nothing left to do

But wish the golden day were done !

Alas ! that there should live to-day

Strong men and women, rich and poor,
Who calmly fold their hands and say

They have no work. They close the door,—
They take their ease, and sleep and dream

On velvet couch or flowery vale ;
And loiter down life's limpid stream,
With scented breezes in their sail.

Nothing to do! Has each dark spot
In this broad land been cleared away?
Is there no hidden blight or blot
To drag into the light of day?
No more rough places to make smooth?
No more gaunt hunger, want or care,—
No more sad sorrow we can soothe,
That ere-while met us everywhere?

Is there a sister who is down,—
Whom tender words could help and guide?
Where kindly shelter checks the frown,
And stops the heartless tongues that chide?
Is there no more some hapless child
That claims a word—a helping hand—
One from the narrow path beguiled,
And seeking shelter in the land?

No crushed one bowed beneath the storm
Of weary life—of toiling day?
No hapless wretch with bending form
Now bleeding on the world's highway?
Are there no wounds to bind and heal?
No thirsting ears to fill with joy?
And higher hopes we might reveal,
In words that loving hearts employ?

How long shall now the minstrel pipe,
Or sing the song so old and true,
“The harvest for the sickle’s ripe,
But, oh! the labourers are few?”
Go reap the corn, and gather in;
Bind up the sheaves with loving bands;
Go rescue those that lie in sin;—
There’s ever work for willing hands.

Go clothe the naked, feed the poor,
Go down into the cellar cold;
Climb up into the garret floor,
Wherever woeful tale is told.
Where, crouching round the flickering light,
For weary hours—and scant the pay—
The child and mother half the night
Toil on, still toiling all the day.

Now, while glad daylight doth remain
While life is young, and lithe, and strong,
Find out the way with hand and brain
To help the feeble feet along.
Now let some noble act of thine—
While joining in the glorious fight,
Which all should share—blaze up and shine
Afar through sorrow’s dark, dark night.

If but to make one garret clean,—
If but to save one soul from sin,—
If in the broad field thou canst glean
A few stray ears—quick, quick, begin.
Now use thy powers, whate'er they be,
Let all thy work have some high plan ;
In gentle acts of charity,
Help thou thy fallen fellow man.

Come, now, and work, both young and old,
In all you do be kind and true ;
Bring back those strayed ones to the fold,
The fields are ripe for me and you.
And let us work with willing hands,—
Be sure that we our wage shall win,
And bind the sheaves with loving bands,
When golden grain is gathered in.

LONDON OUT OF TOWN.

THE crowds that loitered through the busy street,
That filled the shop, the Park, and broad highway,—
The well-known friends that we were wont to meet,—
That fluttered round through all the sunny day ;
Where are they now ? The Parks are gaunt and bare,
No friend we see at any club in town,
And all the streets look cold and “ stricken scare,”
In every house we find the “ blinds are down.”

The carriages that thronged all Rotten Row,
With beauty filled, all decked in summer guise—
Where dons of fashion sauntered to and fro,
And smiles came beaming bright from happy eyes ;
The houses that seemed all ablaze at night,
Where young feet danced,—where elders often dozed,
Are now bereft of life and cheering light,—
All gone away, and every shutter closed.

Where oft' the bounteous banquet has been spread
In choice device of wines and goodly fare,—
Where host and hostess such glad influence shed,
That only happy hearts were beating there ;—

The sage to air his crotchet might be prone,
Yet, wit went gaily tripping up and down,
But now the lights are out—the guests are gone,
For all the life of London's out of town.

The summer boating, and the "Four-in-Hand,"—
The rustic picnic under shady trees,—
And witcheries that came like stern command,
To lead us on which ever course they please,—
All gone! Why, even at the sunny "Zoo,"
Where crowds all gaily decked were ever seen,
We now find but a thinly-scattered few
That loiter lazy on the trodden green.

Where now are they?—the beauty and the grace—
The child of song—the gallant and the gay?
We wander sadly through the empty space,
To find that all the life has gone away.
Some to the moors are off, with dog and gun,
And some are gone to wander by the sea;
Some o'er the snowy Alps to have their run,
And some—why, Goodness knows where they may be!

And this is right!—for very far too long
This "racket" game's been going night and day;
The rush and battle with the flippant throng
Went sweeping all the glad young health away.

From rosy cheeks we saw the colour fly,—
 We saw the long dark lashes drooping down ;
 The languid step—the little stifled sigh—
 Ere light and life went wand'ring out of town,—

Away to moor, or by the roaring sea,
 To saunter idly on the yellow sand,—
 Or to the woods, or to the grassy lea,
 Or sailing on the lake in foreign land,—
 There gather new warm health from sunny skies ;
 And glad delight the coming days shall crown,—
 When ruddy cheeks and bright blue laughing eyes,
 Come blushing with new beauty back to town.



THE CROWDED CITY.

[These verses were published in "Fun" in the autumn of 1870.]

I WENT to look in Nature's book,—
 Out in the fields, when day was glowing—
 Where all was green, and summer sheen
 Lit up the grass, the soft winds blowing.
 I heard the brook play round a nook
 Of shady boughs, and leaflets dancing ;
 Birds carolled there, high in the air,
 And glad delight o'er all was glancing.

I loitered long to hear the song—
To see the green fields decked and golden,
To watch the stream, which there did seem
As fresh and new as it was olden ;
A joyous thrill my heart did fill
To see all nature look so beaming,
As though no cold or cloud could hold
A spot 'mid all the glorious gleaming.

With love and hope, from glassy slope,—
From where the rippling brook was flowing,
I took my way, at close of day,
To where the city lamps were glowing ;
Fell want was there, and fetid air,
And mud and filth around each dwelling ;
Full to the brim with squalor grim,
And sin and woe sad, sad tales telling.

Amid the glare of want and care,
And sights the eye would shrink from meeting,
'Mid foulness rank, where cold and blank,
The visage hard gives churlish greeting ;
The yelling crowd were shouting loud
Rough uncouth words with ugly meaning ;—
The savage blow, that blood might flow,
And evil-doers murder screening.

In tattered gown, with angry frown,—
With bitter words were women brawling,—
Dishevelled hair and bosom bare ;
And children in the gutter sprawling.
Here dens of Vice, that did entice
The drunkard by the bright lamps glaring ;
Each cursèd drain made mad the brain—
Like wild fire in the dark night flaring.

Here as the tide of life doth glide,
Sure it should rouse the rich to pity,—
To cleanse away, from light of day
The squalor of this mighty city ;
O can we not wipe out the blot,—
The miry stain we see with loathing ?
Here at our door the wretched poor
Crave cleanly homes, and food, and clothing.

Sure—when we hear a cry so drear
From children and from women lowly,—
Should we not stand with ready hand
To give relief, not coldly, slowly ?
And calm the strife of noisy life,—
Make clean those spots of reeking garbage,
And lead these poor from dens so dour,
To ramble 'mid the bright green herbage ?

Out right away in gladsome day,
 To see the laughing, clear brook flowing,—
 Where song birds sing, high on the wing,
 'Mid grassy glades, and breezes blowing?
 O bright and glad each lass and lad
 Would pour their thanks in happy praising,
 And joyful thrill our hearts would fill,
 That we the stricken poor were raising.



“THE BITTER CRY.”

ONCE more we hear, in thrilling tones, the cry
 Which we erewhile have raised ; and now again
 We call aloud to every passer-by
 To wipe away the City's darkest stain—
 This blot upon the 'scutcheon of the age
 That leaves to dire neglect the starving poor ;
 The squalid misery that blurs the page
 With loathsome blotches that are fell and dour.

In stifling alley, where no cheery breath
 Of fresh pure air can ever find its way
 To gladden those who in this living death,
 Are hid from sunlight of the glorious day ;

The wretched cellar and the garret bare ;—
The half-clad woman and her sickly child ;
And eke the brawling, drunken husband there,
The maiden, of her blushing youth beguiled.—

All herding in these wretched fetid dens—
These men and women struggling how to live,
And like so many sheep in crowded pens,
That cling together for the warmth they give.
Their children crawling in the miry dust,
With scarce a rag for covering from the cold,
Their choicest food a stale and mouldy crust
'Mid filth the eye would shudder to behold.

What is the stumblingblock that clogs the way,
And keeps these wretched hovels of the poor?
That stops the march of progress in our day,
And leaves this filthy squalor at our door?
Is there no power, that our laws can give,
To doom those styes that are so foul and old,
And all unfit—yet where the poor do live
In direst hunger and the bitter cold?

Oh, if there be a power in all the land
To help these wretches to a better fate,
Begin to-day, and lend the kindly hand
To those who grovel in this woeful state.

Then sweep away each rotten, filthy den,
Of loathsome squalor, raggedness, and sin,
That festers all too close within our ken,
And fills the ear with ever-doleful din.



STANZAS.

COLD and grey is the wintry day,
And the wintry day is dying ;
Frost and snow where the daisies grow,
And the wild storm-clouds are flying.
Quick fades the light, quick comes the night,
Grim darkness now its watch is keeping ;
But darkness will not stay the ill,
Nor soothe the heavy heart to sleeping.

Bright breaks the morn of Spring new-born,
Light shadows on the soft green lying ;
Now song-birds sing, and glad hearts bring
Kind words, in love each other vying.
But spring-time green, nor summer sheen,
Nor youth, nor song, nor idly sleeping,
Nor love, nor fear, will keep us here ;—
The reaper with his scythe is reaping.

NAT BENTLEY.

A BALLAD.

[This ballad is founded upon a legend relating to a man named Nathaniel Bentley, who was known for many years in the latter part of his life by the familiar cognomen of "Dirty Dick." He kept a hardware shop in the City of London, and was a well-known character in the neighbourhood where he lived. He died within the first decade of the present century. His shop, where the same business was carried on after his death, was known as lately as twenty years ago as "Dirty Dick's."]

THE tale I have to tell is one of "credit and renown,"
It happened in the ward of Cheap in famous London
town.

Nat Bentley loved a damsel fair, she was a City maid ;
In Crooked Lane her father lived, a cooper he by trade.

This lover was a dapper lad as any could be seen
Within the bounds from Aldgate Pump right on to Turn-
ham Green.

His shop was near the "Golden Fleece," and called
"The Even Scales,"

Where Bentley sold all hardware stuff from knives and
forks to nails.

Well known to each one round about the ward of Cheap
was he,
And goodly trade he did with many dames of high degree ;
There every morning he betimes was ready at his post,
A careful man in business ways that nothing should be lost.

As time went by this Bentley he became a prosperous
man,
With money in his good strong box (that's how the
story ran) ;
With friends who held him in esteem, and that right
worthily,
To be Lord Mayor, in all the ward no man more like
than he.

But Bentley he had other thoughts that were not of his
trade,
For he had cast his eye and heart upon this comely maid ;
So all this money-making, and this hoarding up of pelf,
Had higher aim than heaping riches only for himself.

Nat loved the maid, and she loved him—the father gave
consent,
And oft' on sunny summer eve these two young lovers went
To take their walks through grassy fields at rural Finsbury,
And comelier looking lad and lass no man might ever see,

And in these summer evening walks their tender vows
were told,
And thus, as rapid time sped on their true love did unfold ;
Full many plans for future days with frugal care were laid,
For would they not together wend till life itself should
fade ?

For full two years of joyous time their sweet love days
went by,
And all seemed sunny bright, with no dark storm-cloud
in the sky,
While he was faithful to his troth, as true as man could be,
The day came round when gallant Nat should marry
Dorothy.

And many friends invited came and waited for the bride,
That they might go unto the church and see them, side
by side,
Give pledge of faith that they would aye through all
this coming life
Go hand in hand, whate'er betide, as faithful man and wife.

And while they waited for the bride, the bride was on
her way
With loving friends and maids, bedecked all for the wed-
ding-day,—

Her father and her mother too—the mother's heart was
glad,
And proud of that sweet beauty that her gentle daughter
had.

Now, as they passed, some working men were on a high
house-top
Repairing where the roof was rent—alas! a tile did drop
From off that roof, and falling straight, struck Dorothy's
fair head,
With such a crushing cruel blow, she fell as one that's dead.

Ah, lack-a-day for Dorothy! the city maiden fair,
The happy bride that was to be, lay on the cold stones
there.

Her father, mother, strove to help, but succour there was
none,
For with that blow that struck so hard her sweet young
life was gone.

They bore her in her bride's attire, with tears, to Crooked
Lane;
The mother wrung her hands in grief that her dear child
was slain.
Thus, Dorothy's bright day of life to speedy end did come:
While she was going on to church the angels took her
home.

Now while the parents wept in grief that they should see
no more
Their darling child, a messenger the doleful tidings bore
Unto the bridegroom and his friends, how that the bride
was dead,
Crushed by a cruel falling stone that struck her gentle head.

The messenger arrived in haste, and, panting told his tale.
Each listener trembling, stood aghast, and every cheek
was pale,
And he who that fair morning thought to lead his bride
away,
Bewildered, like a man, all dazed, had ne'er a word to say.

He told his tale, that messenger, all with a stammering
tongue,
His cheek was pallid as he spoke, his nerves were all
unstrung ;
He told his tale, and Bentley uttered neither word nor
moan,
But waved his friends to leave him with his heavy grief
alone.

And one by one each wedding guest, so blithe at early
day,
Amazed and sore at heart with grief, went sadly on his
way.

The bridegroom here, of all bereft, did sit like one of
stone,
Save when they offered aid, and then he sighed "Alone,
alone!"

There he did sit upon a chair, and bowed his stricken head,
Nor looked, nor spoke a single word—but, oh! his eyes
were red ;
Nor rose he up till all around in deepening shadow lay,—
He locked the door and wandered to the dark lone fields
away.

But healing time passed on, and Nat still plodded day
by day
About his business, keeping on the "tenour of his way ;"
He neither sought to make new friends, nor did he court
the old,—
Each day he worked, he ate, he slept, and so his life is told.

But when he'd locked his storehouse door, and all had
gone to rest,
He'd sit alone for weary hours, his head bowed on his
breast,
And dream of joyous youthful days, with all their pro-
mise gone ;
And late, late in the night, poor Bentley sought his couch
alone.

He'd pause upon the landing-place, and gently rest his head
Against the door where stubborn lock shut in the bridal
bed ;

Or, as he passed, he'd lay his hand upon another door,
For in that room was spread the feast—the bridal feast
of yore.

* * * * *

That hardware-shop in ward of Cheap, the shutters and
the door

Are closed, and stilled is every sound, for Bentley is no more.
And those he left to take the charge, and order his affairs,
Found dusty piles in every room and on the creaking stairs ;

And in a desk that stood hard by the bed where he had slept
Two keys were found in paper tied, he heedfully had kept ;
And each a written label bore (now like a faded stain
Upon the parchment slip)—thus, “NEVER TO BE USED
AGAIN.”

The first door opened—Oh, the room once daintily be-
decked !

Now fifty years with dusty hand its beauty all had wrecked ;
Yet in each nook might still be seen how thoughtful hands
were led

To make the room look bright and sweet, and deck a
bridal bed,—

The bridal bed on which nor bride nor bridegroom ever lay,
The dainty curtains drooping down—their beauty passed
away ;

Yet, as the room had been prepared full fifty years before,
Each thing was in its place—since then no foot had
crossed the floor.

Then to the other room they went, and turned the rusty
key,

The door swung heavy on its hinges, creaking dolefully ;
And sad the sight they there did see, laid out in grand
array,

The wedding feast that had been spread for that dark
wedding-day.

A dainty-scented flower had been arranged for every
guest,

And one was bound with silken cord more costly than
the rest ;

And they could trace a sweet perfume still lingering
round a jar

Of scented leaves, which fifty years of time had failed
to mar.

The banquet that had here been spread to feast a
company

Of glad young hearts all full of life and joyous revelry,

The mice had feasted royally for many and many a day,
And what they left had crumbled down to dust and dull
decay.

And bottles standing all a-row, whereon the sun did shine,
Now held some strange discoloured stuff that once was
ruddy wine ;

The bridal cake that, when 't was new, had looked so
sweet and fair,

Was now a shapeless heap of dust upon a salver there.

And all were gone ; the young bride first, and then each
wedding guest,

The father, mother, everyone, now Bentley with the rest ;
All from the scene of life had passed as every mortal must,
Each, like this dainty bridal feast, lay mouldering in dust.

*THE BALLAD OF SIR HILDEBRAND AND
FAIR MILDRED.*

PART I.

“As I lay a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Oh, merry sang the Birde as she sat upon a spraye.”
—INGOLDSBY.

SIR HILDEBRAND was a noble knight
As ever knight could be ;
Sir Hildebrand was brave in fight,—
The soul of chivalrie.
At joust or tourney valiant there
He'd bravely break a lance ;
Love ditties sing like minstrel rare,
And revel in the dance.

Sir Hildebrand was “cap and glove”
With all of worth and fame,—
Full soon he'd win fair ladies' love
Where'er by chance he came ;
But there were two bright sunny eyes,
Like to the heaven's blue,
No other eyes beneath the skies
Brave Hildebrand would woo.

For Mildred she was comely fair,
A maid of high degree,
She wore bright pearl-drops in her hair,
And coif with broiderie ;
And she was true and beautiful,
Her voice like silver bells,
And her young heart was dutiful,
As truthful record tells.

Now he had won the maiden's heart,
And plighted troth had they,
That, weal or woe, they ne'er would part,
But constant be, always ;
No other love her heart could move,—
No other knight than he
Could gain this comely maiden's love,
Or win her constancy.

Sir Hildebrand was brave and good,
And fain would prove his might,
And win a name for hardihood,
Like true and gallant knight.
The maiden clapped her hands with glee
When he his plan unfurled,
That forth to seek adventures he
Would wend into the world.

* * * * *

Sir Hildebrand from top to toe
Was clad in armour bright,
For now the time that he must go
And battle for the right ;
And Mildred came, with blushing cheek,
And words of good portent,
That charged him well, the wronged and weak,
To guard, where'er he went.

And these two lovers stood and gazed
Into each other's eyes,
As though unuttered passion blazed
And lit a glad surprise ;
As if a new-born love were there,
Warm burning in each heart,
That nothing in the world could tear,
Or ever force apart.

She took from round her slender waist,
And bound upon his arm,
A scarf ; then on his breast she placed,
To keep him safe from harm,
A costly jewelled talisman
Of such rare potency
That pestilence, nor curse, nor bân,
Nor any villainy.

Could harm him wheresoe'er he went,
And kept his knightly vow,—
(Sir Hildebrand his mailed head bent
And kiss'd her on the brow).
With many vows of fond content
They sweet love words did say ;
Fair Mildred to her bower went,
He went upon his way.

And when the sun sank in a flood
Of gold, and day was done,
She watching, at the window stood,
The way that he had gone,
And thought that on the distant hill
She saw his waving hand,
Then darkness shut out good and ill
O'er all the fair green land.

PART II.

"As I lay a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Ah, sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree."

—INGOLDSBY.

FAIR Mildred at the window stood,
Up in the tower alone,—
She watched the pathway through the wood,
The way her love had gone ;
She watched there in the morning grey,
And in the gloomy eve ;
Though long, long years had passed away,
Her heart did still believe

That her true knight, Sir Hildebrand,
Whatever fate betide,
True to his plighted troth would stand,
And claim her for his bride.
How shall thy virtue e'er be told,
Sweet Mildred, comely maid ?
Thy heart is worth all minted gold
That ever yet was made.

For many a young and gallant knight
Hath sought thy love to gain ;
Thy maiden troth thou wouldst not plight,—
They wooed thee all in vain.

Though thus the brave Sir Hildebrand
Hath left thee long alone,
No other knight should claim thy hand
His absence to atone.

Fair Mildred at her window stood,
The sun was sinking low,
And woods and moors were bathed in flood
Of rosy-tinted glow :
A strange unwonted presence seemed
To hover o'er the scene,
And round her heart a light there gleamed
Like summer's golden sheen.

And soft a sound fell on her ear,
'Twas like a bugle horn ;
Again it comes—More clear, more clear,
Like dawning of the morn :
And then she fancied, far away,—
It might be but a dream,—
She saw amid the evening grey
A knight's bright armour gleam ;

Again, in fancy heard the neigh
Of prancing gallant steed,
That bore her brave knight on his way
To many a daring deed.

Then Mildred summoned straight her maid,
A damsel young and fair,
To bring her staff and lend her aid
Down the steep winding stair.

Adown the winding stair they went,
And through the postern gate,—
On through the wood their steps they bent,
Where she resolved to wait
Until the horseman should draw near,—
This wanderer through the land :
Her heart beat quick with hope and fear—
It might be Hildebrand !

At length the watched-for wanderer came,
Slow toiling on the road ;
His horse was feeble, old, and lame,
And scarce could bear the load
He carried on his bony back ;
The gear was mean and worn,—
A cord for bridle, and, alack !
The leather girths were torn.

And who is he that rides upon
This nag so old and grey,
All drooping, sad, and woebegone,
Maimed in the world's mad fray ?

For hands, two rusty hooks are there,
Broad patch deep scars doth hide
His doublet sleeve with many a tear
Hangs dangling by his side.

Can this maimed knight be Hildebrand ?
(Her heart sent forth a cry !)
Her lover, come to claim her hand
Though death's dark night is nigh ?
She sprang to meet her own true knight,
Though she was weak and old,
And sore did weep to see the plight
Of Hildebrand the bold.

They gave each other fond embrace,
He murmured forth her name,
Then, gazing on her upturned face,
"Yes, yes, it is the same—
The same sweet loving eyes I left
When I the world would see ;
I've now returned of limb bereft,
And battered dolefully."

She called her vassals two and three,
She called her page and groom,
And bade them bear right tenderlie
The knight to her own room ;

And this is how brave Hildebrand,
All covered o'er with scars,
Did claim the Lady Mildred's hand
When he came from the wars.

Forth he had gone, gay, lithe, and strong,
No knight more brave than he,—
His voice was heard in battle throng
And sweet-toned minstrelsie.
Returns he now in woeful plight,
Of eye and limbs bereft;
What matter?—He was a valiant knight,
And many crowns had cleft.

BELL MAY.

BELL MAY stood at the old stone stile,
Down by the daisy lea ;
Why did she blush ? why did she smile
When none were there to see ?

Why did she tap her little feet,
Impatient as she stood,
When her blue eyes looked soft and sweet,
Bright, beautiful, and good ?

For Bell was rosy, lithe, and young,
A loyal heart and rare,—
As ever bard or poet sung
When praising lady fair.

But as she at the gate did stand
On this bright sunny day,
She stripped the flow'ret in her hand,
And threw the leaves away.

She seemed to listen for a sound :
Was it a lover's song ?
Was it a footfall on the ground
That quickly passed along ?

She neither turned to left nor right,
As footsteps now drew nigh ;
The rose tint on her cheek grew bright,
Joy kindled in her eye.

Smiles dimpling o'er her lips did play,
Like light of summer sheen :
She knew it was young Walter Gray
That hurried o'er the green.

Why she was shy she could not tell,
Or why her cheek should glow ;
She knew that Walter loved her well,—
Her heart had told her so.

And never truer song was sung
Than this her heart did breathe ;
Bright dreams like posies round her flung,
Her maiden heart did weave.

But now young Walter, grown more bold,
With words of eager haste,
In willing ear the old tale told,—
His arm around her waist.

The moments flew all full of bliss,—
As standing by her side,
He kissed her till she answered " Yes !"—
Yes, she would be his bride.

PRETTY FACES.

FAIR, pretty faces, smiling faces, looks that glow with
love,—

Bright eyes that speak and blushing tell the tale so
often told ;

That whisper, in the twilight hour, the words we hold
above

The rarest gems the world e'er saw, or all the minted
gold.

We see them riding in the park, in what's called
"Rotten Row,"—

We see them at the opera, and also at the play,
And, as we saunter down the street, we see them come
and go,

Those bright glad eyes and faces fair, we meet them
every day.

And high up on the breezy heath, among the furze and
trees,
As in the well-trimmed boat that goes a-sailing down
the stream,—
We hear the sweet-toned silvery voice borne on the sigh-
ing breeze,
And in the air we seem to hear the murmur of a
dream.

Or even where the needle, with its “gusset, band, and
seam,”
From early morn till late at night chains down the worn
and sad,
With scarce an hour for food or rest,—still, like a golden
gleam,
Bright eyes will speak, and voices sing, to make the
lone heart glad.

Is there, in all the broad green land, or in the rolling
sea,
Or in the race ambition runs to gain the wished-for
prize,
'Mid turmoil in the busy world, as fast the moments
flee,
Aught that can match the sweet “well done,” smiled
from a loved one's eyes?

In mystic hour of twilight, as we wander down the vale,
All hand-in-hand with one who shares our sorrows and
our joy,—
Tho' time may score its wrinkles, and white locks may
tell their tale,
We only see the sweet young face that charmed us as
a boy.

We meet with many troubles as we toil along the road ;
Instead of sunshine, clouds of dust, and beating, stormy
rain,
And many a time our fainting heart would sink beneath
the load,
For weary is the way we wend, and little grist to gain.

But there are faces fair and young, that lend a brightening
ray
To cheer our lot, whate'er it be, whate'er the load we
bear,—
That charms with seeming light of gold the drear and
darkest day,
And ever in the stormy hour some loving eyes are
there.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

THE empty chair! there's sadness in the sound,
That falls like holy music on the ear;
We seem to hear a gentle whispering round,
As tho' the loved ones still were hovering near.
We hear the sweet voice in the corner there;
We hear the joyous, merry, silvery ring
Of laughter, that goes sounding everywhere
Around the hearth, where gladsome hearts can sing.

We see the bright eyes beaming as of old,
That speaks a welcome ever frank and free,
E'er grief had made the world so sad and cold,
And life looked like a joyous jubilee;
When life was opening in its sunny spring,
And passing o'er the slippery stones of time,—
An empty chair! we seem to hear the ring
Of glad young voices in their youthful prime.

We sit and dream of happy time that's flown,
Of faces clustered round the mother's knee ;
Of silvery laughter that went rippling on,
And made the evening hours pass merrily.
The song, the jest, the simple round of play,
The puzzle with its cunning mystery strung ;
All these went tripping in the evening grey,
With mirth and music when glad hearts were young.

The mirth and music now, alas ! are fled,
The joyous faces now no more we see ;
A sadness o'er the cosie room is shed,
And deepens round the chair like mystery.
How eloquent seems now that empty chair,
As slowly falls the passive evening gloom ;
We miss the eyes that erewhile glistened there,
And shed a radiant light through all the room.

The presence, like the soul, too quickly fled ;
And we are left alone, to mourn alone ;
We feel a deeper darkness o'er our head
That slowly gathers now the loved one's gone
Away into the star be-spangled skies ;
Away from this world's bitter woes and care.
No more of suffering cold, nor tearful sighs,
But rest within the sheltering haven there.

MONKEYS AT THE ZOO.

Now knowledge stalks with rapid stride,
And science sends a ray
Of light, which 'lumines far and wide
What would be darksome way ;
Yet there's one subject puzzles me,
As this bright light I woo,—
That is, the sly *coquetterie*
Of monkeys at the Zoo.

We all know Darwin's theory
About the human race :
To say I do or don't agree,
This is not quite the place ;
I only mention now the "craze"
In telling this to you,—
I've tried to understand the ways
Of monkeys at the Zoo.

I've studied monkeys wild and tame,
Their merry pranks and play,
The rollicking, the cunning game,—
Their stealing things away,—

Their gambols 'mong the leafy trees,—
But this,—believe 't is true,—
Wild monkeys have no arts that please
Like tame ones at the Zoo.

There some are old, and some are young,
And some are timid, shy ;
Some chatter with a silvery tongue,—
Some look with laughing eye ;
Cheeks tinted are with roses there,
As art can never do ;
And some have powder in their hair,
These monkeys at the Zoo.

And some are dressed in flaunting dyes,
Some don the sober grey ;
Gay robe and ribbons meet our eyes
Down all the grassy way.
Soft dimples dance like summer sun,—
Bright eyes of heaven's blue :—
How many hearts are lost and won
By monkeys at the Zoo !

There young and blithe with comely grace,
And many a "nut-brown mayde,"
But some there are of withered face—
Poor beauty that's decayed !

Yet, 'mid so many clust'ring there,
We find but very few
That are not lithe and *debonnaire*,—
These monkeys at the Zoo.

Now I am getting grey and old,
And look but on the game,—
I study yet what Darwin told,
That man from monkey came ;
So, when the summer day is warm,
I ofttimes saunter through,
To note the cunning arts that charm,
In monkeys at the Zoo.

Now take my word for what you will,
For earnest or for play,
I hope that I may with you still
Walk out on summer day ;
And, listening to the music rare —
The sweet notes old and new,—
Pay homage to these good and fair
Young "monkeys" at the Zoo.

THE FAIRIES.

A FRAGMENT.

“THE fairies they laugh, and the fairies they sing,
The fairies they dance in a fairy ring,
They skim the rich cream of the dairies,
They gambol about on the yellow sand,
They haul the trim skiff away from the land—
Then, oh, for the life of the fairies !”

WHILE idly loitering at the close of day,
I wandered by a gentle murmuring stream ;
There stretched upon the mossy bank I lay,
And hours passed o'er me in a fairy dream.

And soon the moon, with pale, sad, silvery face,
Came slowly forth, to clothe the wood and dell
With dreamy light, that filled the haunted place
Where cunning sprites and little fays do dwell.

A tiny crew came flitting round my bed,
And, gambolling, crowded in a merry throng,—
And hither, thither, through the woods they sped,
And filled my dream with gleeful dance and song.

There some were swinging in a bright blue bell,
Some splashed and bathed in drops of sparkling dew,—
Some came to woo, and their warm love-words tell
To fair ones loitering where the daisies grew.

The lithe young lads were clad in green and gold ;
The lassies all be-decked in gauzy gear ;
The lads told tales that, whether new or old,
Are honey-sweet words in the fair ones' ear.

They whispered softly to the maiden coy,
And made her rosy lips to dimple round
With happy-thought-like smiles ;—perchance with joy,
That she some favour with the youth had found.

For some were timid, bashful, young, and shy,
And blushed to hear the soft words that were said ;
And some gave sweet looks from the sparkling eye,
As lover-like they sauntered in the glade.

Some sporting danced upon the mossy green,
Some swung from branches of the scented tree ;
High sport was there that moonlit night, I ween,
That looked like some weird faëry phantasy.

There, on a pearly mushroom fair was spread
A regal banquet for these little fays ;
And nimble lacqueys, by an usher led,
Served sparkling wine, while some sang merry lays.

There, seated round the dainty board were seen
Both old and young, all jocund at the feast ;
And joy played pranks through all the tangled green,
While some grew crazy as the mirth increased.

Some held the brimming goblet high in air,
And, as the moon sailed slowly up the sky,
They paid high homage to the young and fair,
To rosy lips, and love-touched sparkling eye.

Oh, merry all these tiny elves did seem,
While some caroused, some danced, and others sang :
All fairy quips flashed through this fairy dream,
And mirth was echo'd as the laughter rang.

And then I heard the ringing bugle sound,
And troops of fairies all in order came ;
A ring they formed upon the grassy ground,
And heralds called each by a knightly name.

They held a tournament, and King and Queen,
And ladies fair arrayed in regal state ;
Then knights in armour came in golden sheen
Careering on their chargers all elate.

And eager now to tilt and break a lance,
And do some doughty deed at high behest,
That they might win a smile or passing glance,
That said " Well done ! " from eyes they loved the best.

Anon, I saw a mansion all ablaze
With golden light, and heard from casements come
The sound of revelry among the fays—
The trumpet shrill, the cymbal, and the drum.

Trim gallants came, and dainty ladies fair,
All robed in leaflets of the choicest flowers ;
And tiny dewdrops gem the flowing hair,
That lighted up like day the midnight hours.

Then came a pond'rous chariot decked with gold,
Which dragons, led by lacqueys, drag along,—
From whence some great one in the fairy fold
Stept forth, midst cymbals' clang and shouts of song.

I saw the dance, I heard the music sound,—
The little feet go tripping as they run ;
Then "lad and lass" go whirling round and round,
Till music, light, and dancers, blend in one.

And when the sport was at its dizzy height
A streak of dawn shone in the Eastern sky ;
The castle faded in the broadening light,
And fairies vanished as the moments fly.

A PICNIC IN THE WOODS.

WRITTEN TO A PICTURE.

JUST enough, and not one more,—
Enough to laugh at jest that's witty ;
Just enough ; they counted four,—
And two of them were sweet and pretty.

Gliding down the "silent way,"—
The sun shone bright, the river flowing ;
Young hearts fluttered like the day,
And bright eyes laughed, and cheeks were glowing.

Now they choose a quiet nook
Among the spreading oaks and larches ;
O'er their head the branches took
The form of grand cathedral arches.

Hawthorn bloom and eglantine
Perfume the air the while 'tis sighing,—
Gladd'ning hearts like generous wine,—
Hearts that forget how time is flying.

In the glade, with thoughtful care,
A cloth for picnic luncheon spreading ;
Two and two, you see, are there,—
Perhaps there soon will be a wedding.

Waters glide ; the green leaves sing ;
The joys of life are short and fleeting ;
Youth should catch them on the wing,
Ere darksome night the day is meeting.

Roses wither, dead leaves fall,
Dark shadows come, our best hopes rending,
Yet, how often we recall
Bright sunny spots as on we're wending !

Hours of joy in sun and shade,—
A day to be forgotten never
But the golden sheen will fade
And we must sail adown the river.

OLD GRUMPS.

How often I wonder, when sitting alone,
Out of temper, and fretting, and grumbling,
If ev'ry good fellow in life that I've known
Is so racked with the same mental tumbling.
There's Charley, and Harry, and Mulberry Fooze,
And some other smart fellows I'm meeting;
They don't seem to care if they win or they lose,
Nor how the "sweet moments" are fleeting.

And often I wonder, when feeling forlorn,
If in all this wide world there's a fellow
That thinks it was jolly, and "hallows the morn,"
When he stept into life, now he's mellow?
In childhood, man never is happy, I know,
For the children are always complaining;
And boyhood!—O think, when to school he must go,
Of the lessons, the fag, and the caning.

In manhood we never get all that we want,
In our love often crossed at the starting,—
In striving for place how we struggle and pant,
E'en success will bring something of smarting.

I've looked at this life now from every view,
On the love-light of truth and the scandal ;
There may be some sweets, yet (I whisper to you)
Is the life that we lead worth the candle ?

We look for the sunlight in bright, budding spring,—
But instead we get dark, stormy weather,—
We look that the summer glad beauty shall bring,
While the dance and the song go together.
Now rain, storm, and cloud shut out all the sun's rays,
Comes the wild cry of war 'stead of singing ;
I don't mean to say there are not happy days,
But they come when life's days are beginning.

From the first to the last, all the way that we go,
There must surely be something that's " jolly ;"
I've seen sparkling eyes in the dust and the snow,
And I've seen aged men laugh at folly.
And well I remember, when all things in life,
Were to me only joyous and sunny ;
But now, with the world it seems " War to the knife,"
Which I can't understand—it's so funny.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

COME, quick! boy—bring me here the morning news,
That I may see how moves the world along,—
Whose rapid step doth brush the morning dews?

What wayward whim now rules the restless throng?
What says the war note, clanging from afar?
Who fights for peace? Who drives the battle car?

And let me turn to scenes of peaceful day,
And read who wins where never blood is shed.

Who wins the race upon the watery way?
Which gallant horse upon the green turf led?
In manly sport where stalwart hearts and bold
May wrestle, who the victory shall hold?

I want to know what Parliament has done,—

Who kept the members there till early morn?
Who were the drones, who made a little fun?—

What laws were patched—what reputations torn?
The Opera, too! O let me see who sang—
Who thrilled the crowd while silvery music rang.

The Opera closed?—Well, then, “the play’s the thing!”

Who acted Hamlet—who the murderous Thane?

Who cares to hear a simpering siren sing

When Bouncer struts his hour at Drury Lane?

But stop! I see the tragic muse is not

Just now presiding at that classic spot.

But what of that?—we have before the scene

Good men of worth and histrionic fame,

And many young and fair ones too, I ween,

That teach, and please, and bear unblemished name.

Yes, yes!—say what you will, “the play’s the thing”

To bear man’s heart away upon the wing.

So let that pass. We’ll turn to something else.

The City news—how are the funds to-day?

Is cold, or fever-heat, the money pulse?

Are consols firm?—do foreign stocks give way?

Are “Mines” and “Railways” better now, or worse?

And at the close, how stands the public purse?

No, this won’t do! I’m not a City man!

But here I see a more attractive page:

“The Courts of Law” my eye shall closely scan

And mark who try to cheat, who chafe and rage;—

These strange, odd leaves of history that we read,

How loud they speak of cunning, crime, and greed!

Here's startling tidings of a drownéd crew ;—
Here fashion *fêtes* some "lion" of renown ;
Then here's "the foreign news," that's soon got through,
We'll turn a page and run the "leaders" down.
I like to read what thinking men may say
Upon the stirring topics of the day.

Well ! Be it good or bad, the news we see ;
The paper is in part our daily bread,—
An apple from the great and glorious tree
Of knowledge ; ripe the golden fruit is shed ;
Take any other charm of life away,
But leave us, still, the papers of the day.

*A COSTUME BALL.**

A THOUSAND MILES AFTER INGOLDSBY.

As I was sittin', my breakfast gittin',
And feeling cross as any thundery night,
The postman's bould knock came like a loud shock—
A letter?—'dad, but 'twas a wondrous sight.
I opened both eyes, with joy and surprise,
At the wonderful size, and beauty rare,
For it did invite me to a grand night,
When troops of glad youth would be dancing there.

A fancy ball now, where one and all now,
Should don such dresses as their fancy tould,
So, with forethought then, a dress I bought then,
All trimmed with 'broidery lace of shining gould.

* On the 28th of March, 1878, Mr. Charles Green gave a "fancy costume" party at his studio, "Charlecot," Hampstead Hill Gardens, the company, about one hundred and fifty persons, being composed almost entirely of artists and ladies connected in more or less degree with the same profession. A remarkable assemblage of beautiful and picturesque costumes was the natural consequence; and, altogether, the affair was a most brilliant success.

There joyous greetin', each other meetin',
All hand and hand upon the shiny floor,
With friend and charmer, the host in armour,
To welcome guests, stood waiting at the door.

We'd Day and Night there, in black and white there,
Grand Major Domo, and the tailed Chinese ;
Bright silver bells rang, and cockleshells sang,
And lord and lady strove their best to please.
The Scotch Queen Mary, and Pat O'Lary,
Went arm-in-arm among the crowd so gay,—
And then the dancing, and bright eyes glancing,
All tripping lightly till the dawn of day.

Rich jewelled crowns there, and velvet gowns rare,
And silks and satins with soft ermine lined ;
There beards gigantic, and maids romantic,
And trains that stretched out twenty yards behind.
There Hamlet walkin', with Paul Pry talkin',
And Turk and Templar met like friends of ould ;
The brave freebooter, and the Alpine shooter,
With many more that never can be tould.

Some grand and golden—not one was olden,
From every country since the world was new ;
The Count von Weazel, and Lady Teazle,
With Charley Surface dressed in milky blue.

The Buccaneer, too, that looked so queer, too,
 The sage Venetian, and the Spanish don ;
 All stood there pickin' the ham and chicken,
 And sending wine the way that those had gone.

And then the feastin' ! I can't the least in,
 Find proper words to tell the trates we had ;
 But the longest liver, sure he will niver
 Forget that proud night when each heart was glad.
 Tho' the sleet was fallin', and the wind appallin',*
 And out-of-doors a worse night ne'er was seen ;
 The fun we all got at Charlie's Charlecot,
 Made darkest night look bright as sunny Green.



A LAME DOG.

SOME fellows I've met as we journey along,
 'Tween starting and end of the road,—
 That never seem ready, though ever so strong,
 To carry their share of the load.
 Some obstacle always will hang as a log,
 At every lap of the mile ;
 They halt and they whine like the lamest old dog,
 Till you help them over the style.

* The night, unfortunately, was extremely wet and stormy.

Tho' early in life they seem smart at their play,
Perhaps just too slow to begin ;
They go with a dash on the dustiest way
As if they'd determined to win.
But when at the gap you may "chivy" or flog ;
The same through the rugged defile,
They're sure to hang back like a dead-beaten dog,
Till you help them over the stile.

Some, off at the first seem to scamper away
And ne'er think of looking behind,—
O'er grassy green meadows, on sunshiny day,
With friends ever gentle and kind.
No cloud-shadows dim, and no barriers clog,
Glad fortune has ever a smile ;
And *sometimes* we find these will give a lame dog
A lift o'er the hindering stile.

And others I've met, let them strive as they would,
And fight like the stalwart and strong,—
Yet somehow they always, though breasting the flood,
Were taking the side that was wrong.
But these were the men, tho' they floundered in fog,
Or missed the right track by a mile,—
Altho' they were beaten, and lame as a dog,—
Who helped others over the stile.

And many there be, all so joyous and bright,
As fairest in village or town,
But missing their way on the road in the night,
Near neighbours pass by with a frown.
Let those who are perfect and pure, here say I,
Cast a stone at the low and the vile,—
But, whenever we hear the poor lame doggie cry,
Let us help it over the stile.

To me it's a myst'ry I can't understand
How some should be never in need
Of kind friends to give them a strong helping hand,
Or show them the right way to lead.
Some never get deep in the soft miry bog,
Their sun never ceases to smile,
While others are still like the limping lame dog,
To be lifted over the stile.

Yet most need some help as they journey along—
A word or a touch of the hand—
For every dog is not equally strong
The tug and the battle to stand.
Dame Fortune will smile, and Dame Fortune will frown,
Howe'er we may try to beguile,
And fancy all right, we oft find ourselves down,
And want a lift over the stile.

And if it's a crime to be tender and kind
To those who are far from the right,—
That they should not stay altogether behind,
Or perish 'mid storm in the night.
I hope they won't hit very hard when we've passed
The last weary mile of the day—
At those who have helped some sad dogs at the last
To get o'er the stiles in their way.

"NEITHER BORROW NOR LEND."

THIS rule, I learnt the lesson in my youth,
And hard I've ever striven to observe it ;—
I know the words are rich as golden truth—
"If you have wealth your best do to preserve it."
For cash that's borrowed easily is spent,
And little good comes of the easy spending ;
When gone, the borrower may chance repent,
And he who lends is always blamed for lending.

When I had hardly touched my tender teens
A trifle I did borrow from another—
Unversed in this world's cunning ways and means,
I spent it on some nonsense with my brother.
But when the lender dunned me for the debt
I could not pay—O then came sighs and weeping ;
While life shall last I never can forget
What frightful dreams disturbed my boyhood's sleeping.

When older grown, I had a trusted friend,—
We really loved each other very dearly ;
One day he asked, Would I a trifle lend,
To meet an unexpected pressure merely ?
I lent the coin—when next we chanced to meet
His words were cold, his looks were quite distressing.—
I lost my cash ; I lost my friend—and yet
Perhaps his friendship was not worth possessing.

Now is it not our own immortal bard
That gives this timely warning to the heedful ;
No matter what, or plead he ne'er so hard,
Don't lend a lazy, lounging lout the needful.
The sharp, keen " edge of husbandry " it dulls
When borrowing becomes an easy matter,—
The very wish for honest work it lulls,
And he who's fleeced gets " wild as any hatter."

How true this rule is, here you plainly see,
That we should neither lend, nor should we borrow ;
The first oft' leads to mental misery,
And for the second?—well, sometimes to sorrow.
Let him who in his doing would be wise
Go earn his bread by steady daily toiling,
And have wherewith to give when famine cries,
To keep the starveling's scanty home-pot boiling.



IF I WERE ONLY YOUNG AGAIN.

If I were only young again,
My days on bright wings should be flying ;
I'd scamper o'er the grassy plain,
And mirth should banish all the sighing,
While basking 'neath the sunny smile,
I'd steal joy from the eye that's laughing,
And kiss sweet rosy lips the while
The honey'd wine of life I'm quaffing.

If I were only young again !
Say hov'ring about five-and-twenty,
When pleasure's cup we blithely drain,
And never say there's more than plenty ;

Then I would bow before the shrine
Of Kitty's eyes so rich and glowing ;
For then perchance she might be mine,
Our love each day still stronger growing.

If I were only young again :
Say twenty-eight, or may-be thirty,
I'm sure I never could refrain
From bowing down to fairy Gerty.
Her smiles—the sweetest ever graced
Glad, soft blue eyes, with darkened fringes,
They sparkle like bright jewels placed
Beside a cheek with rosy tinges.

If I were only young again !
Say forty, or a little under ;
Instead of—hum !—well, to be plain,
So old, I often sit and wonder
Why young days should so quickly fly,
And leave us old, and cold, and doating ;
Yet o'er the past I will not sigh,
For memories come like gold-light floating.

And so it is, alack ! for me,
I can't prevent the years from flying ;
Nor Kate nor pretty Gert, you see,
Would look at me, e'en were I trying.

Well, well, my girls, go on your way,
And win a prize that's worth the wearing;
I hope you'll claim, one sunny day,
A name you'll feel a pride in bearing!

*MADGE OR MAY.*

HERE, May and Madge, which shall it be—
To which my love is plighted?
May's honeyed lips are sweet to me,
Nor can her charms be slighted.
But Madge! When I look in her eyes,
Or hear her laughter ringing,
I feel the bright blue of the skies,
When song birds glad are singing.

Faith! Madge and May hold tyrant sway
O'er my poor heart that's beating;
Now May, now Madge, will rule the day,
Whichever dear I'm meeting.
Young May, her smile is like the morn,
Her cheeks are soft and rosy;
Her cherry lips,—they might adorn
A choice-culled bridal posy.

O sweet and gentle little May,
Her eyes are full of wonder ;
And Madge, in all her sport and play,
She never makes a blunder.
How equal in their beauty there,
Brown eyes, or blue alluring ;
I can't decide 'twixt dark and fair
Which shall be most enduring.

Oh, May and Madge !—oh, Madge and May
Between the two I falter ;
Which shall be victor of the day,
And lead me to the altar ?
So I will wait through heat and cold,
Time, 'chance, may soothe my sorrow ;
For May is only six years old,
And Madge is four to-morrow.

Out of the Heart.

LONG AGO.

FROM murky town, where dwellings frown,
And darken all the way we're going,
To wander where the river fair,
'Tween banks of green, is ever flowing,—
There, as I walk, I hear the talk—
Or seem to hear—in fairy seeming,
That two hearts wove, in true heart's love,
In glad young days, when they were dreaming.

Years twenty told! How sere and old
It makes me feel, as here I ponder,
Since Nell and I went sailing by
The grassy banks and larches yonder.
The gentle breeze, 'mong leafy trees,
Sang light its sweet-toned music round us—
A passing gleam;—a fleeting dream!—
For parted wide the waking found us.

Life's river oft, through grassy croft
All daisy-deck'd, goes onward singing;—
As oft, alas! 'twill onward pass
'Mid rugged rocks with rough notes ringing.

At times it may, like sunny day,
 Beguile our thoughts to happy ending,
Or stormy cloud the path beshroud,
 We know not where our steps are tending.

'Twas joy full sweet, when we did meet
 To sail together on the river,—
But we did part with bitter heart—
 Though then we knew not 'twas for ever.
And now alone—O, all alone,
 I wander by the river, dreaming,
And miss the glow of “long ago,”
 When life with hope and love was gleaming.



THE LAST LOOK FROM LOVING EYES.

THE last fond words that we did hear,—
 The last fond look from loving eye,
Though far away they still are near—
 Near like the bright blue of the sky.
How fondly round the heart they cling,
 There making night like sunny day,
Glad joyous thoughts they ever bring ;
 In fancy we can hear the play

Of voices that we long have known ;
 Into our soul the sounds are wove,
We hear them most, when most alone,
 The last words of the voice we love.

'Tis often in the silent night,
 When wrapt in sleep the whole world lies,
These eyes come hovering with the light
 They borrow'd from their native skies.
O we would give the untold gold,
 If untold wealth we had in store,
Could we again on earth behold
 Those dear and true in days of yore—
To see again the loving eyes ;
 The last fond looks of love they shed ;
These linger yet, as quick time flies,
 And linger shall, till life has fled.

Though we may oft with ease recall
 Bright happy days of dance and play,—
When merry laughter's ring did fall
 And chase the colder thoughts away :
When these are past—the day all gone—
 We hear and see, oft very nigh,
While we are by the hearth alone,
 The last kind word, the loving eye ;
The last look ere the latest breath
 Closed sweetest eyes in sleep of Death.

WORDS OF TRUE LOVE.

WHEN love was young love, May, to you and me,—
When all the world wore golden drapery,—
Then came the sweet words, tender in their tone,
Telling of my true love for thee, my own.

Oft' in the moonlight, oft' on sunny day,
In the dim twilight when the sky was grey,—
Out on the rough road where the wind blew cold,
Warm words of true love from the heart were told.

Told by the fireside on dark stormy night,
Told in the cool shade and on hilly height,—
On the moss-green bank, where clear waters flow,
Warm words of true love in the heart did glow.

Told in the warm grasp, when hands only speak,—
In a fond look—a touch upon the cheek,—
Oft' have I heard the true love words from you,
Sweet were the song notes, darling, as they grew.

Sweet words of true love ever have we told,—
Told to each other in young days and old,—
Under the Summer sky—in Winter bare,—
When day was drear, love, if thou wert not there.

Bright, sunny days will pass, dark nights go by ;
Still will there be light in the starry sky,—
Light that will aye burn, giving joy to me,
On to the end, love, to the end, with thee.

*MY MOTHER'S SONGS.*

OF all the songs from sweetest voice,
In the sweet days of old,—
That made my inmost soul rejoice,
However oft' they're told,—
Are those sweet songs my mother sung
While we were round her knee,
When all the world seem'd blithe and young
And fresh and fair to see.

O I have wandered far away
In sunny lands of song,—
And I have heard the minstrels play
That thrill'd the listening throng ;
Tho' sweet the charm when beauty sings.—
And sweet the minstrelsie,—
There is no charm, that memory brings,
Like those old songs to me.

Oft in the calm, clear starry night,
 Among the leafy trees,—
Or on the weird lone mountain height,
 And in the gentle breeze,—
Or on the rough, wild stormy sea,
 When all is dark and drear,
The dear old songs will come to me—
 My mother's songs I hear.

Sweet is the strange enchanting spell
 That lures all thought away,
To warm fireside or woody dell,
 Where we were wont to play.
Around my boyhood's happy home
 Glad mem'ries fondly cling ;
And oft' the sweet old songs will come,
 My mother used to sing.

Through many years of joyous life
 I reach the sere and old ;
Now all the battle and the strife,
 The fierce sun, and the cold,
Are o'er for me, and calm I wait
 Until the "joy-bells" ring ;
For I shall hear at Heaven's gate
 My angel mother sing.

TO MY DEAR WIFE, WITH A BRACELET.

I SEND this jewelled trinket as a token
Of the love I bear to thee,
With me the "golden chain" is all unbroken,
As through life it aye shall be.
As this gold bracelet girdles round thine arm,
So would my heart encircle thee from harm ;
Would ever shield thee, in the stormy way,
And guide thee, love, to constant summer day.

Oh, wear it as a memory of the past, love,
Of the happy years gone by ;
Wear it, dear heart, as token to the last, love,
That, however time may fly
The faith I plighted long, long years ago
Still constant there within my heart doth glow ;
And thou art still my dearest fondest prize
Of all I hold beneath the sunny skies.

TO MY DEAR WIFE WITH A BROOCH.

PLACE this bright gem upon a purer gem
Than human hand can make,
Place it and wear it near your heart, my love !—
Yes ; wear it for my sake,
In token, as this Winter day comes round—
This Anniversary—
That all my best and truest thoughts have been
Glad true love-thoughts for thee.
Take this poor gem, and wear it near your heart,
A true love-token—wear it, love, for me ;
Though fate may cause us for a time to part,
There's no death-parting in Eternity.



A TRUTH.

To high and low be ever kind !
For each good act your neighbour thank !
Nor let this truth e'er slip your mind—
“Good deeds shine more than lofty rank !”
And he who feeds the hungry poor—
Who clothes the naked from the cold,—
Nor 'gainst the homeless shuts his door—
Is storing better wealth than gold.

OUR AIN FIRESIDE.

WHEN Spring puts on her smiling face
And makes cauld winter flee awa',—
When modest flowers bloom in the place
Where naught had been but frost and snaw,—
Tho' gowans scent the balmy air,
And paint the fields baith far and wide,—
There's naething paints the world sae fair
As smiling face at ain fireside.

The woods are clad wi' shining green,—
The birdies sing the hale day lang,—
As tho' cauld winter ne'er had been,
And all the world were simple sang.
But sweetest music woods can make
As joy birds, warbling, upward glide,
Nae echo in the breast can wake
Like sweet song sung at ain fireside.

Let others praise the sunny sky,—
The mountain wild, the rocky glen,—
Or watch the starry world on high,
And show the works of God to men.
To roam, at will, the hale world through—
To chase the deer, or stem the tide—
Ye'll find nae joy sae leal and true
As true heart love at ain fireside.

When Winter comes sae bleak and cauld,
And snaw lies thick upon the lea,—
And frae the branches in the fauld
The little birdies droop and dee,—
Oh, then the bonnie blink o' hame—
The welcome word,—whate'er betide,—
There is na' in this world the same
As love-light at our ain fireside.



SING, SING, THOU NIGHT WIND.

SING, sing, thou night wind,—
Among the leafy trees,—
O sing around the gabled roof
And o'er the grassy leas ;
Sing to me of early home,
Of happy days and fair ;
Let all the old loved voices come
And fill the cold night air.

Sing, sing, thou night wind,—
Come sing when I am sad ;
Wake now a joyous melody
To make the weary glad.

Sing to me of sunny skies,
Of laughter light as day ;
O sing to me of bright blue eyes
That now are far away !

Sing, sing, thou night wind,—
Soft sighing o'er the sea,—
Low sweeping o'er the yellow sand—
Come, sing a song to me !
How the ship sails to the shore
Quick o'er the deep blue sea !
O sing the sweet song evermore,
And bring my love to me.

Sing, sing, thou night wind,
Sing now unto my heart ;
O sing to me of coming days,
With all thy cunning art.
Bring the love that's far away !
Bring back my love to me !
Let sweet voice sing, and soft eyes play,
In thy weird melodie.

THE SWEET GREEN LANES OF HORNSEY.

I've travelled far, in ship and car,
I've wandered over moor and mountain ;
I've travelled where the land is bare,
And loitered by the gushing fountain ;
O'er meadows green in sunny sheen,
Thro' shady groves, flower-trimmed and rosy,—
Where gurgling brook wound round a nook
Bedecked with wild flowers, like a posy ;
Where leafy trees wave in the breeze ;
On frozen peak, and by the lone sea :
But where I've been I have not seen
Green lanes like those green lanes of Hornsey.

I've been where grand old buildings stand,
In cities that are rich and olden,—
Where every stone, of time that's flown
Will tell a legend quaint and golden ;
Up mountains high, where eagles fly,
I've climbed with weary step and toiling
And from the height seen glorious sight
Of leaping waters wild and boiling ;
On rocky shore I've heard the roar
Of torrents, fiercely onward rushing ;
My cheek would blanch while avalanche
All in its headlong course was crushing ;

I've seen the stream of lava gleam
 Adown the broad Vesuvius blazing,
And all the air was lurid glare,
 The people, dumb with wonder, gazing ;
On Alpine height I've slept at night,
 That I might there the dawn of morn see ;
But none of these my eye could please
 Like green lanes sweet as those of Hornsey.

And here, hard by, broad acres lie,
 The cattle graze, the lambs are playing ;
When song-birds fly athwart the sky,
 And lad and lass go forth "a-Maying."
O joyous scene, where all was green,
 No uncouth forms the eye to torture !
Though here and there in nooks less fair
 Rise quiet piles of brick and mortar.
'E'en here, at whiles, 'twixt these brick piles,
 We catch a glimpse of daisy meadow,
That seems to say :—"Come forth and play,
 While sunlight dances without shadow"—
But if I trees or grassy leas,
 Or scented hay or ripening corn see,
There is no scene like those, I ween,
 Those sweet green lanes, the lanes of Hornsey.

YESTERDAY.

WHAT have we left of yesterday?
A dreamy thought of bygone time.
Perchance we heard some music play;
Or did we hear the church bell chime?

Say, was it dark or was it fair?
Did stormy clouds hang all around?
Did frost flakes fill the misty air?
Could no sweet flowers of spring be found?

Who cares for time when it is gone,
Unless it leave some thoughts of joy?—
Some memory to rest upon,
That even time can not destroy.

We may have wandered by the stream,
Or through the scented leafy dell,
With those that made life like a dream,
And where the sweetest music fell.

All these are gone—fled fast away,
And never will their charm return.
No more the joys of yesterday
Will make life's flickering lamp to burn.

We may have watched the lark on high,
Or sailed our skiff a-down the river,
Which left a gay thought or a sigh,
But yesterday is gone for ever.

Let's make life happy while we may,—
No vain regrets for time that's past.
Seize now the sunshine of the day ;
Ere night its dark'ning shadows cast.

T O - D A Y.

TO-DAY let us make bright and fair,—
To-day for work, to-day for play ;
And if there come the cloud of care,
To-day drive care-clouds far away.

We've seen the flow'r-buds burst to bloom,
We've watched the grey dawn flush to day,—
And all the darkness and the gloom
At sunlight swiftly fly away.

We've lived the day hour in its flight,
And revelled in the dance and song ;
We've seen the storm-clouds come with night,
O'ercharged with grief and cruel wrong.

To-day we have around our hearth
The loved ones that we joy to meet ;
We hear the sound of youthful mirth,
The patt'ring fall of little feet.

To-day the newest songs are sung—
Brave deeds that gild a nation's name ;
Now whisper low the fair and young ;
The " old, old story," still the same.

But quick the light-winged moments fly,
They follow fast nor brook delay,
In storm, or 'neath the sunny sky,
In toil, in travel, feast, or play.

Our yesterdays are past and fled,
To-morrow we may never see ;—
A wreath of smoke above our head,
And at our feet a mystery.



TO-MORROW.

THE summer sun shines bright and warm,
Pure joy-thoughts from its light I'd borrow ;
The winter with its wrath and storm
Comes soon enough with bleak to-morrow.

To-day let us be gay and glad ;
If we must meet with care and sorrow,
We'll close our eyes to all that's sad,
And leave the care-time till to-morrow.

What though the road of life is rough ?
Let not black care your forehead furrow ;
These brooding ills come soon enough,
E'en though we leave them till to-morrow.

If some should meet us on the road
That need our help to soothe their sorrow,—
To-day go help them with their load,
No time to wait until to-morrow.

Let us give pleasure while we may,
And freely lend to those who'd borrow ;
If anger, scowling, stop the way,
Just pass it on until to-morrow.

Let not the thought of coming care
E'er dim your eyes with tears of sorrow,
'Tis all too soon to meet it there
Upon the threshold of to-morrow.

DROP BY DROP.

THE world grows older every day,
As we ourselves are daily doing,—
While some are born, some pass away,
Some wed, and some—well, they are wooing.
Some in the shade of sunny bower,
Spend all their life in scented poesy,
And, dreaming, waste the golden hour
In gardens sheltered, rich and rosy.

As glide the sand grains through the glass,—
All silently we see them flying,—
So do the light-winged moments pass,
Until the life-long day is dying.
As drop by drop the raindrops fall,
So time flies past on minutes winging—
Smooth down the steep rolls on the ball,
While priceless hours away we're flinging.
Amazed we meet the gloomy day—
The day that's all too surely coming,
When we are called with life to pay
The long account we have been summing.
Then slow and sure, like swift and strong,
Alike find life an idle song.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

AND is the farce of life nigh over?

The laughter and the dancing done?—
Have we now run the game to cover?
Well,—we've had our fun.

Is now the "banquet hall deserted?"

And is the crystal goblet dry?—
Have merry nights and song departed?
Well,—we made them fly.

Is the good ship at anchor lying?—

The broad deep sea all dark and grim,
While overhead are storm-clouds flying?
Well,—we've had our swim.

Is all the garden grandeur vanished,

While heavy snow lies like a pall?
The roses gone, the songsters banished?
Well,—we loved them all.

Why should we mourn, the curtain, falling,

Shuts out the light of busy day?
Ring up!—we hear the prompter calling
New actors to the play.

Life's but a shifting scene we're playing,—
 A pageant on the world's wide stage!
 Our part is done,—there, no delaying:—
 Off,—and “take thy wage.”



GREEN SPOTS.

OF all the fair green spots we know
 In life, the gladsome, happy days
 That we can mark as years do flow
 Illumed with bright, warm golden rays,—
 They are but dreams in waking hours,—
 Fain would we that they ne'er might go;
 We deem them, in this heart of ours,
 As sunny groves where blossoms grow.

And when the years, quick passing, flee,
 And grey hairs mark that strength doth fail,—
 When worldly joys shall cease to be,—
 Swift down the stream of life we sail,—
 Then back we look with pleasèd gaze
 Upon the path, all Summer sheen,—
 The golden path of early days,
 Those bright green spots where we have been.

YOU LEFT ME FOR A DAY.

You left me for a day, my dear,
You left me for a day ;
The few short hours look like a year
That you have been away.

Though hours are short, the day is long,
The house seems dark to me ;
I miss the music and the song
Of your sweet company.

The rooms are dark, the house is dull,—
Slow drags the weary day,—
The bitter cup of life is full,
When you, love, are away.
Come back! When you come back to me
Wide loving arms shall welcome thee.

MARY.

CAN I e'er forget the hour
When we loitered in the bower,
While you plighted your maiden troth to me, Mary?
When we spent the Summer day
In the meadow 'mong the hay,
And the birds sang out their sweetest notes to thee, Mary?

Can I e'er forget the day
 When we laughed the time away,
 When we danced upon the green in the shade, Mary?
 Oh, the days of love and youth!
 They were days of joy and truth,—
 And the mem'ry of their light shall never fade, Mary.

And full often have we seen
 All the trees in budding green,
 When winter flies at coming of the Spring, Mary;
 And on sunny Summer night,
 When the garden flowers were bright,
 You have listened to the songs that I did sing, Mary.

But the Summer day will close,
 And the bloom will leave the rose,
 And the wintry nights are coming as we wend, Mary;
 Tho' we now are growing old,
 And the world looks sere and cold,
 Yet our hearts shall aye be warm e'en to the end, Mary.



GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

It is not in the sacred dome
 Alone, that God is found;—
 Where humble penitent may come
 And kneel on sacred ground;—

'Tis not within the narrow line
That mitred priest would draw,
We see God's mighty glory shine,
Or circumscribed his law.

I see God in the mountain snow,
And in the fertile plain ;
I see Him where the wild flowers grow,
And in the ripening grain.
When all in Summer's sun is bright,
Or all in Winter bare,—
I see Him in the starry night,—
I see God everywhere.

When billows dash, with fury hurled,
Upon a shingly shore,—
Where mad war sweeps athwart the world
With wild and angry roar ;
As in the quiet, happy home,
When love alone is there,—
Where the wild cataract may foam—
I see God everywhere.

I see God in the stormy sky,—
The rippling brook that sings,—
The eagle, and the butterfly
With dainty painted wings,—

In living things, or large or small,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The God of Might is in them all—
I see God everywhere.

Or in my path, 'mid busy cares,
As through the world I go,
I come where crouching famine glares,
Or wealth stalks to and fro ;
And in the ever-shifting throng,—
In noon or gaslight flare,—
As in the feathered songster's song,
I find God everywhere.

On this round world, where'er we be,
Or how our lot may fall,
'Mong leafy trees, or stormy sea,
One Pow'r rules over all.
For high or low, in dazzling sun,
Or in the wild night air,
How swift or slow our course may run,
God's hand is everywhere.

*TO A NEAR RELATION, ON THE EVE OF
HER MARRIAGE.*

DEAR NELLIE,—Here a band of gold,
All jewel-decked I send to you,—
Pray wear it in the young and old
Glad days to come, as token true
Of wishes, that your life may be
Full happy as a cloudless day,
Nor ever dark grief-shadow see
In all the wedded journey-way.

God bless you, Nellie, on the morn,
When at the altar rails you stand ;
When orange flow'rs your locks adorn,
And plain gold ring bedecks your hand :
May joy bells give their merry cheer,
And sunshine light the path along ;—
May all the sounds that fill your ear
Be like true, happy notes of song.

To-morrow you will plight your troth
To "lover true" for weal or woe !
May joy be ever with you both
As onward through the world you go.
May his strong arm, with manly care
And tender love, encircling fold—
Far richer prove than jewel rare
Or diamond-studded band of gold.

BEYOND.

As dies the twilight, man at last shall die ;—
His loved possessions from his grasp shall fly,
 And soon his name be blotted out of day !
But is there not another time that's near,
When sweeter songs shall fill the listening ear,
 In that new world where comes no cold decay ?

O, yes, there is another joyous land,
Where we may hope, when time is past, to stand,
 And listen to the songs of prayer and praise ;
And it may be that *we* shall join the song,—
Be numbered 'mong that glorious angel throng
 That stands before the King of endless days.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

A LITTLE bird came singing in my ear ;
It whispered sweet notes of the coming year,
 And all was full of hope and sunny sheen,—
Of gladsome youth with laughing eye and song,—
Of joyous days, that would be all life long ;
 Of broad fields clothed with golden leaf and green.

And then it sang of Spring-time glad and gay,
Of spreading leaves, and varied-blossomed May ;
 Of youth and maiden, lover-like and true,—
The hedge flowers blooming by the wild wayside,
The flying showers and the ruffled tide,
 But never came there note of wrath or rue.

Again it sang of life's glad Summer-time,
When youthful days stretch on to manhood's prime,
 With holy purpose, far as eye can see ;
As sunny days are long, and bright, and warm,
He'd shield his loved ones from the breath of harm ;
 All glad and bright the Summer days should be.

The little bird then sang of Autumn's care,
With all its wealth of worth and bounties rare,
 When man shall work to reap the golden grain :
And oft' the song gave mellow notes of praise
For riches won, for health, and happy days,—
 The days of strength that ne'er will come again.

And while it sang of fruit and golden sheaves,
There came the sound of withered, falling leaves,
 That lay all scattered on the fading green—
Of boisterous winds that shook the branches bare,—
Of well-trimmed gardens, and of bowers fair,
 Where flowers in their rosy bloom had been.

Then came the song of Winter, bleak and cold;
Of ice-bound brooks, and flocks within the fold—
 Of feathered things upon the leafless spray ;
The poor and lonely shivering in the street ;
Hard want and woe at every turn to meet,
 And all the bright blue sky turned bleak and gray.

Again I heard the little songster sing,
And strong the voice, though weak the fluttering wing,—
 It told of hope, of sunny skies and clear ;
And oh ! it told a truth that we must know—
That all life's fire from out the heart will go,
 And man must die, as fades the waning year.

*A CONTRAST.*

SOME fight, along the road of life,
 One constant battle fierce and brave ;
No resting place, in all the strife,
 Between the cradle and the grave.
While some by gentle silken thread
Through all the paths of life are led.

They only know the good, the kind ;
 Warm shelter seems to hedge them round.
 They never feel the bleak, cold wind ;—
 They never tread the damp, cold ground.
 Toil, want, or care, they never know,—
 How can they weigh another's woe ?
 Who suffer most will keenest feel,
 And strive a brother's wounds to heal.



HOPE.

'T is a garden of roses and sweet scented flowers ;
 A sunlight of song for the swift passing hours ;
 A mem'ry of music for time that is past ;
 A solace and joy that for ever shall last ;
 A gleaming of gladness, tho' stormy the night ;
 A loud shout of vict'ry that rings through the fight ;
 'T is a beacon that ever shall be to the soul,
 Secure as it wends the rough road to its goal ;
 A balm for the sick, for the weary and worn,
 To cheer the oppressed, and the battered and torn ;
 'T is the rainbow of glory that ever shall glow,
 'T is the fountain of love that for ever shall flow ;
 A joy that shall live, when all others may die,
 And wing the worn soul through earth's clouds to the sky.

PEACE AND MERCY.

WHEN Peace and Mercy, sisters twain,
Close-clinging like young lovers wooing,
Clasp hands to never part again,
Their love-words like bright posies strewing ;—
When Peace and Mercy spread their wing,
And grandly o'er the world are flying,
The hills shall shout, the valleys sing,
And drown all wailing sound and sighing.

Like as the sun that breaks at morn—
That all the dappled earth is cheering,—
When fruits and flowers the fields adorn
Like words of gentle, fond endearing ;
O'er all the sunny spots of earth
The garden blossoms shall be growing,
Like silv'ry songs of joy and mirth,
When brave young hearts are glad and glowing.

Or, like the whispering of the wind,
As through the flowery field it passes,
And leaving stormy waves behind
Takes shelter 'mong the waving grasses ;

Then touches soft the rosy cheek
Of gentle maid, with tender kisses ;
So Peace and Mercy come to seek,
And give the weary-worn their wishes.

Sweet Mercy, like the softening dew
That decks with gem-drops all the meadow,
Shall come, where hate and rancour grew,
And drive away each gloomy shadow ;
Like sweetest music sweetly sung,
Or feathered songsters carol-singing,
Or when the silver bells are rung
And wake glad thoughts while they are ringing.

Peace comes like fertilizing rain,
That gladdens all the earth with blooming ;
The scented flowers, the golden grain
With their rich balm the air perfuming ;
And love shall drive away cold hate,
All envy, bitter scorn, and malice ;
And foes shall meet, with joy elate—
And drain, in love, the holy chalice.

War's trump shall then be heard no more ;
In every place meet friend and brother ;
Clasp hand in hand from shore to shore,
When Peace and Mercy kiss each other.

The flashing sword shall then be sheathed,
No more shall sound the cannons' roaring,
And all around love-words be breathed,
And knees be bent, one God adoring.

Let Peace and Mercy, sisters twain,
Now loving meet and kiss each other,
And vow they ne'er will part again,—
Cling each to each as yearning mother
Clings to her darling, little child ;
Join hand in hand, to falter never,
But high and holy, undefiled,
Through all the world wend on together.

THIS LIFE.

THIS life is like the dreams that fly ;
Now light, now dark,—'tis constant never :
We are but born that we may die,—
And die, that we may live for ever.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

“With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky ;
How silently, and with how wan a face.”

—SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

OH, can the earth, so dream-like sleeping lie
Beneath the rays of that pale silvery moon,
That never gives a weary moan or cry,
Or sign that sorrow dwelt 'twixt night and noon?

There, calmly sailing on amid the stars,
She looks as though no ruthless thought nor care,
Nor wicked deed could ever be that mars
And lays the black spots of our nature bare.

She looks as though she never yet had seen
An ill deed done, in all the million years
That she has gazed upon the earth, or been
Pale witness to a flood of bitter tears,—

Pale witness to the darkest deeds that man,
With demon brooding in his heart, could frame ;
Foul, miry spots her gentle eye doth scan,
And “Lady Moon” goes smiling, all the same.

Lo! she did see the budding earth when young ;
She saw the first red rose that e'er did bloom ;
She heard the first grand carol that was sung,
And saw the mountains clothed with golden broom.

She heard each silvery stream and gurgling brook
Hymn its new song of never-ending praise,
And leaves and flowers, in every ferny nook,
Sing psalms to greet the glorious king of days.

She saw the valleys, like a garden fair,
All spangled o'er with flowers of varied hue ;
And sweet sounds floated through the perfumed air
When every spot of earth was bright and new.

And when the morning sun filled all the sky
With light, ere this soft moon had paled away,
She saw the mirthful song-birds, mounting high,
Give joyous greeting to the new-born day.

She saw the lion and the lamb lie down
In peace together, in the mossy dell ;
And all around a sheen of light did crown
The garden where the silver glories fell.

She saw the father of the human race
Go hand in hand with Mother Eve so fair ;
A holy light filled all the beauteous place,
While strains seraphic murmured through the air.

She heard the first glad sounds of human voice,—
She saw the flocks and herds upon the plain ;
She saw the valleys and the hills rejoice,
And broad fields decked with green, and golden grain.

She heard the light wind through the grasses play,
And whisper soft among the leafy green,
All in the dappled dawn, ere broad, light day
Had clothed the world in flood of golden sheen.

She saw the fairy rings upon the earth,
And all the little fays that sported there
With quips and pranks, with dance and joyous mirth,
And elfin laughter ringing ev'rywhere.

And while the song-birds carolled overhead,
As on light wing they flitted through the sky,
There came, o'ershadowing all, a cloud of dread ;
She heard the first wild agonising cry.

She saw the first foul murder that was done,—
A brother by a brother's hand was hurled
To death. The human race had but begun,
And, lo ! "the reaper" came into the world.

And then went up the shriek of human woe !
The mother saw her loved one foully slain,—
She knew her first-born struck the savage blow—
That human blood the fresh green sod did stain.

She heard the first wild notes of Jubal's lyre,
That fell upon the ear like magic sound—
The first bright spark of that celestial fire
That thrills with rapture rare the whole world round.

She heard the first loud burst of ocean roar,
And saw the crested waves careering fly ;—
She heard the ripple kiss the sandy shore,—
And saw the white foam dash against the sky.

And what a world of untold weal and woe
Hath this same moon beheld, since first she shone
Upon the earth ! Now friend, now bitter foe,
Her soft and dreamy eyes have looked upon.

She sees men striving in the hurried race,—
Some eager to be foremost in the strife ;
Oft' marks the scar that savage men will trace
Upon their fellows in the fight for life.

There is no squalor, filth, nor cankering care,
Dark lurking where some savage deeds are done—
There is no grief that lays the bowed heart bare,—
Or wild debauch the eye would gladly shun—

No host, contending, that 'gainst host is led,
Each striving how to slay their fellow man,
And strew the field with dying and with dead—
But this pale moon the ghastly scene must scan—

Save when the fleecy clouds sail idly by,
And hide away the wreckage from her gaze,—
'Tis but a moment, for the clouds wide fly,
And show again the dark and grimy ways.

Though she must see the leaves fall from the tree,
And all the land lie covered white with snow,
No glad green spot upon the grassy lea,
And brooklets frozen, that they cannot flow—

When cold, grey, frosty mists hang all around,
And bleak, stern Winter holds its icy sway—
When flow'ret blooms not in the garden ground,
And birds crouch songless on the tender spray—

Yet there are fair and comely spots of earth,—
And sailing through the star-bespangled night,
She sees and hears the sound of joyous mirth,
When darkness drives away the sunny light.

She sees the fields bedappled, daisy pied,—
She sees the cottage homes that nestling lie
About the fair green earth, flower beautified,
To gladden every heart, and charm each eye.

And oft' she peers into the happy home,
Where health and ev'ry simple joy are found;—
Where love, like messenger of peace, doth come
To dwell, and make the hearth as hallowed ground.

And oft' she sees youth dancing on the green,—
And old folks sitting 'neath the leafy tree ;
While merry shouts of laughter ring between,—
The jest, the song, and rustic revelry.

She saw two lovers sauntering by the stream,
Ere yet in twilight closed the dying day ;
She heard them tell of life as 'twere a dream,
And joyous youth would never pass away.

And she did see them hand in hand go forth
As new-made man and wife, upon the road ;
There, leal and true, with faith and honest worth,
Each toiling, help the other bear the load.

Then, with their trusting little ones around,
The fire of home did shed its ruddy glow
On happy faces where no grief was found,—
And care that only mother's heart could know.

And this pale moon looked softly down again
When manhood's prime was past, and age drew near ;
She saw the mother's cheek bore trace of pain ;
The father's head was bowed, his locks were sere.

And then she marked grim sorrow, like a flood
Sweep on, and leave a blank within their band ;
For He who plucks the blossom and the bud
Had snatched a choice, sweet floweret from their hand.

Then, old and feeble, sitting by the fire,—
Their hearts as constant as in days of yore,—
They patient wait, yet ready to retire
When he who gathers beckons at the door.

Years, centuries told, come on, and quickly fly,
And this world rolls beneath the silvery moon
As she sails calmly through the deep blue sky
Unheeding joy or sorrow, night or noon ;

Unheeding revel, wail, or bitter cry,
Or joy, or grief, or weary toil, or rest,—
She slowly climbs the ever-darkening sky,
While dying sunlight pales upon her breast.

*FROM CHILDHOOD TO THE GRAVE.*

Two children played in the morning sheen,
Romping and laughing jokingly ;—
Two lovers walked in the meadow green,
Teazing each other provokingly.

Two stood in the front at noon of day
Fighting the battle so daringly,—
The battle of life, their life's long way,
Using their moments but sparingly.

An old man sat in the evening sun
With his old wife chatting cheerily,
Their hour for labour was past and done ;
Old Time he had left them wearily.

Two graves are there by the old church wall
Lying together so cosily,—
A grassy spot where the sunbeams fall,
Tinting the grey stones right rosily.



DREAMS!

DREAMS! dreams! What is that phase of life
Which we call dreams? That shifting scene
Of joy and pain, of love and strife,—
Now dark, now bright as summer sheen ;—
Bright fairy visions come and fly,—
Oft' sorrow's bitter tears we weep
In dreams, as on our bed we lie,
In these strange phantasies of sleep.

But day-wrought dreams twine round the heart
Far firmer in their sense and song,
The dreams we live,—that form a part
Of every day, in all life long,—

When happy health, in glad young days
Gives life and strength to work begun ;
When flowers are strewn on sunny ways,
And loving words like brooklets run.

In early time of life, when all
Was like a sunny day in June,—
When joyous hope did never fall
But sang its constant mirthful tune ;
When merry hearts and laughing eyes,
And sweet lips that we loved were there,—
And love that brightened all the skies,
And banished e'en the breath of care.

We wist not that the golden hour
Could ever change, or pass away—
That o'er the scene black clouds would lower
And change to storm the sunny day.
But time glides on ; the skies grow dark,
Sad sorrow falls where joy has been ;—
The bright eyes fade, we mourning mark,
E'en love itself is but a dream.

We have a friend, we love him well,
His hand to grasp is perfect joy ;
We know his worth—his actions tell
The heart of gold without alloy.

The days, the years, go gliding on,
Our friendship still is all supreme ;
We see a grave—our friend is gone—
Has friendship, then, been but a dream ?

The poet, in his lofty flight
Of fancy, hopes to win renown
With some grand epic, that shall light
A halo round his laurel crown.
His shall be name that never dies,—
With honour borne down life's broad stream ;
But he may miss or win the prize !
If won, how quick the glory flies ;
He wakes—his fame was but a dream !

Like music played by loving hand,
Or sweet-toned voice in noble song,
Which tells of home and native land,
And charms and thrills the listening throng ;—
The voice shall cease, the minstrel's gone !
No sound we hear, no face we see ;
The curtain falls, we stand alone—
A poet's dream !—a memorie !

Dreams! dreams! this life is but a dream ;
A feverish day, a troubled sleep,—
With darkening clouds, with fitful gleam
Of sunshine, where the many weep.

The hungry and the scanty clad
Find little joy. Yet shall they wake
To life of happy days and glad,
When the Eternal morn shall break.

When all this world of care and woe
Shall be a thing that's past and done—
When time and tide no more shall flow,—
When all the battle's lost and won,—
When friend and foe shall be no more,
The dream of life—the troubled dream
Shall pass : we see the shining shore
Beyond the bright refulgent stream.

When we shall see the golden light
Drive all the wild storm-clouds away,—
That shrouded oft' the dreary night
And darkened oft' the sunny day ;
When we shall hear the trumpet ring,—
And dreams and earthly vapours fly—
When we shall hear the angels sing
Loud hymning in the upper sky.

DOROTHY.

A ROMANCE.

COME, Dorothy, come, sit you down !
Come, sit you down by me, fair lady ;
Come, sit you down where mosses crown
This quiet spot so cool and shady.
Dame Dorothy, when we were young
We talked of life-long love together ;
Among these woods love songs I sung,
While you the bright wild flowers would gather.

A lad and lass ! and you so fair—
All blithesome as a sunny morning ;
Glad minstrel notes then filled the air,
Soft rosy light, life's path adorning.
And, O, the dream was full and sweet
For joyous hope told all the story ;—
Long years have passed, and here we meet,
When you and I are sere and hoary.

Grim fate, that lays the lines of life,
Led thine and mine far, far asunder ;
Mine 'mong the scenes of toil and strife,
And thine ? ah, where were thine, I wonder !

Come, tell me how the Summer sped,—
Tell how the Winter passed before you;
O, were your footsteps never led
Where bright hopes, dead, were flitting o'er you?

Or did fond fancy warm your heart,
And image dreams that we together
Dreamt? Ah, we never dreamt to part,
But hand in hand brave life's rough weather.
Well! Dorothy, come sit you down
And tell me all your life-long story;
How Fortune smiled—did Fortune frown
And shadow all your youth and glory?

No, not quite all! for thine the pride
Glad childhood brought around thy dwelling;
Yet time, alas, did from thy side
Sweep all away! Sad, sad the telling,
Thy husband, children, all are gone,
And left thee here so sadly grieving,—
Left thee so cold, alone, alone,
All thy bright day-dream hopes deceiving.

Yet thou hast seen bright sunny day—
Bright gladsome day with joyous singing;
And thou hast seen the children play—
Hast heard their lightsome laughter ringing.

Life gave to thee glad Summer time,—
Life gave thee bliss when thou couldst bear it ;
And thou didst hear the joy-bells chime,
And called the loved ones round to share it.

Now all are gone ! all—one, two, three,
And thou a childless widow weeping,—
All that were such glad life to thee
Lie cold, now in the dark grave sleeping.
Yet sorrow lives, howe'er time flies,—
Gaunt sorrow, that no more shall slumber ;
Hot tears well up into my eyes,
For all the sorrows thou dost number.

Strange ! Fate, that ruled thy lot and mine,—
That frowned so dark when we were parted,
Now brings us here at day's decline,
And thou so sad—nigh broken-hearted.
Long years have passed in joy and pain,
Through Summer sheen and Wintry weather ;
And here, in these green woods again,
We talk of long past times together.

RING IN THE NEW YEAR.

RING in the glad New Year !
 Sound the silver bells !
Ring ! let the people hear
 How the music swells !
Ring out the joyous sound,
 The New Year is born !
Tho' snow lies on the ground,
 Bright now be the morn.

Now off with his cold care !
 The Old Year has fled ;
Gone, when the trees are bare,
 And the roses dead ;
Gone, with wild storm and shout,—
 With mad thunder-roar,
The fierce waves casting out
 Wreckage on the shore.

Now hail to this New Year !
 Let the bells be rung !
Let the warm sunlight cheer,
 And joy-songs be sung !
Come, with your laughing face,—
 Banish all our fear,—
Let our warm greeting grace
 The bright, glad New Year.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

BRIGHT Spring-time laughing 'mid its showers ;
Glad Summer crowned with varied flowers ;
Rich Autumn with its fruit and grain ;
Then dreary Winter, comes again.

With frost and snow where'er we go,
And wild storm on the sea ;
O'er mead and hill the wild winds kill—
No daisies deck the lea.

Then, balmy breeze, among the trees
We hear the throstle sing ;
And on we bound another round
Of days the year doth bring ;
With flowery nook, or frozen brook,
Or sunlight with its cheer ;
Through all the range, we hail each change,
That fills the fitful year.

S P R I N G .

SING out ye woods ! sing out thou plain !
Sing out thou merry babbling rill !
Let all the earth sing out again,
From valley to the heathy hill !
For now comes merry, laughing Spring,
All decked with dappled green and gold,
When lad and lass may gaily sing,
Forgetting all the winter cold.

In sweet Spring-time we see the leaves
New bursting forth, all crisp and green ;
We hear the birds chirp in the eaves,
And on the earth sweet flowers are seen.
Here in the shady lane we greet
The daffodil with drooping head,
The harebell and the primrose sweet,
The violet on its lowly bed.

The sunny showers that fall so soft
Seem all the fresh green earth to cheer ;
And far away, down in the croft,
The lowing kine we faintly hear.
The lambs are sporting on the lea,—
And now, the morning breeze, among
The leafy boughs sing merrily,
In echo of the throstle's song.

And mirth rings out his silver bells,—
A joyous peal to young and old,
To cast aside the garb, that tells
Of Winter with its storm and cold.
While bright bloom 'decks the garden gay,
And drives away old cank'ring care,
Let laughter live while zephyrs play
To welcome Spring-time, bright and fair.

*SUNSHINE.*

THE flowers are sluggish, and they sleep too long,
Close lying there beneath the fresh green grass;
They will not listen to the gay lark's song,
Nor to the whispering winds that lightly pass.

These sluggards all so lazy lie a-bed,—
They will not rise until the lusty sun
Calls out that each shall lift its painted head,
And tell the world that Spring-time has begun.

The sun shines out, and quick the darkening cloud
That covered all the land with drenching rain,
The lightning flashes, and the thunder loud,
Are banished to their darksome dens again.

Cold Winter flies, and now the budding earth
Casts all her snowy mantle far away ;
The birds come carolling in tuneful mirth,
And spread new life around the smiling day.

The sun calls out, and all the leafy trees
Put on their newest garb of glowing green ;
The heather bell perfumes the gentle breeze,
And gay moths flutter where the cold has been.

The sun calls out, in bursting songs of joy,
To rouse the flowers, with their genial glow,—
“Come forth, and all your sweetest sweets employ
To deck the glades and meads where brooklets flow.”

Shine out, bright sun !—and paint the meadow fair,
Bedeck with heather bloom the mountain side ;
Let sheltered green lanes scented posies wear,
And lilies nestle by the streamlet side.

Shine out, bright sun, and make the whole earth glad ;
Let pipe and tabor sound the merry strain,—
Let no dull eye be seen, nor visage sad,
When fields are green. Where ripens golden grain.

SUMMER TIME.

AGAIN the leaves are on the trees,
The blossom's on the thorn,
Again the sweet rose-scented breeze
Dips gently on the corn.
The Winter's past and eke the Spring,—
Glad Summer fills the day,—
And now we hear the mavis sing
And merry minstrels play.
Then hey ! for wood and leafy dell,
Where winds the gurgling stream,—
Where trees their soft notes murmuring tell
Like music in a dream ;—
For fields all daisy-deck'd and gay,
For buttercups like gold,—
We'll loiter mid the scented hay
As in the days of old.

THE RAIN.

WE sing of sunlight and the Summer day ;
Of buds and flowers, and of leafy trees ;
And all the gladness that is seen to play
About the grassy fields, when lightsome breeze
Wafts essence of a dreamy soft perfume
Through all the bright and joyous balmy air—
The rose, the honeysuckle, and the broom,
That 'deck the wayside with their beauties rare.

We sing of bloom in every shade and hue,—
Of green and heather on the heathy hill,—
Of primrose, daisy, and of violet blue,—
Of golden buttercup and daffodil ;
And all are worthy of the praise we give—
How can we sing too much in their sweet praise?—
They are the essence of the life we live,
The outward solace of our dreary days.

But there's a gem whose worth is all untold,—
And yet it should be foremost in the train ;
For how should flowers their choice perfume unfold
Without the gentle fertilizing rain ?
Oh, I will sing of showers that fall so soft,—
That sink like gem-drop dew upon the land,
That 'deck the garden and the grassy croft,
And make the leafy trees all green and grand.

They lend a gladness and a freshened hue
To what was erst a dusty, dreary place,—
And with a magic touch make all things new,—
And flowers come blushing with a sweetened grace.
Come, rain!—thou welcome, life-renewing rain—
We blame thee oft' for all-too-drenching showers,
And yet we pray that thou may'st come again,
To fertilize our fields and wash the flowers.

A SONG TO AUTUMN.

Now the Summer days are told,
When the ripe fields turned to gold,
Set the reapers blithely singing in the morn ;
When the orchard and the field,
With the riches that they yield,
Crown'd the year with bread and wine and barleycorn.

Hail to Autumn with its glee,
With its mirth and revelrie,
And the joy that all the fruits are gathered home ;
When the heart is full of praise,
For the strong bright sunny days,
And the garnered stores to gladden time to come.

Spring, with buds, and flying showers,
Plays around the genial hours,
And the Summer with its blossoms bright and gay ;
When the birds and leafy trees,
When the brooklets and the breeze
Give to life a joyous gladness all the day

Yet we hail the Autumn cheer,
Though cold Winter draws so near,
And the yellow leaves lie thick upon the green,
Though the snow is on the tree
And the brook may frozen be,
And the branches bare where blossoms bright have been.

Ere the fields are clad with snow,
And the bitter north winds blow,
When the mist makes mead and mountain look forlorn,—
In the deepest Winter cold,
'Tis to Autumn bluff and bold,
We must look to fill the platter and the horn.

In rich Autumn there's a charm
That is sunny, bright and warm,
Full of plenty tho' the leaves begin to fall ;
For the fruit has all been won,
And the farmer's toil is done,
And we render thanks to God who giveth all.

ANOTHER SUMMER GONE.

ANOTHER Summer gone, with all its music and its glow,
With all the sunny long light days and nights that ne'er
grew dark ;
When we wandered in the meadow where the streamlets
murmuring flow,
And high up in the sunny sky we heard the singing
lark.

Another Summer gone!—and gone the golden Autumn
too;

The scented hay and waving corn are gathered from
the field.

Now withered leaves strew all the way where once the
roses grew,

And rugged banks lie cold and bare that woodbine
had concealed.

Another Summer gone!—and now cold Winter is at hand,
When in the sky of misty grey glad sunshine's rarely
seen,—

When stormy wind and drifting snow sweep o'er the
frozen land,

And sheets of ice stretch far away where sunny lakes
have been.

O joyous balmy Summer time, with long bright gladsome
day,

All blushing in its beauty with gay flowers of varied
sheen,—

When fields are clad with ripening corn, and sweet the
soft winds play

Among the boughs far spreading wide, and clad with
leafy green.

Why will you fly on rapid wings, fair Summer, with your
light,

All teeming full of tender love? Why will you fly so
fast,

And leave us but the cold grey sky and long dark wintry
night

To mourn that all your beauty's gone—That Summer
time is past?

Another Summer gone!—another Summer of our life;—

How fleeting all these Summers fly that lead us on our
way,

To meet the dreary Winter, when, unfitted for the strife,

We sit us down and watch the young enjoy their
Summer day.

O Summer days of manhood!—mark how quickly they
are gone;—

How quickly comes the Winter time, when frosty locks
are seen;

And then the long dark dreary nights, when we must sit
alone,

And dream!—Ah, yes, and dream again of Summer
day that's been.

WINTRY WEATHER.

SOME love the budding Spring,
And some of Summer sing—
Some laud the golden Autumn with its beauty and its
store ;
Some sing of “leafy trees
That murmur in the breeze ;”
And some of mighty ocean, breaking grandly on the
shore.

Sure none can e'er despise
The love-light of the skies,
The garden full of flowers, or the green fields 'decked
with gold ;
Yet there's a stalwart glow
About the heart, when snow
Lies on the field, and all the air is full of wintry cold.

Whatever some may say
About “the long light day ;”
The leafy trees and mountain with its heather-scented
cheer ;
There's nothing, to my mind,
In all the year, we find
Like a frosty morn in Winter when the sun is warm and
clear.

Our thoughts rise on the wing,—
It makes the heart to sing,—
It paints the cheek, it lights the eye, and beauty wins a
charm ;
Though gone the Summer sheen,
When deep snow clothes the green,
The frosty day looks strong and brave to shield us all
from harm.

When ice is on the ground,
We step with manly bound,
And hasten to the dear home where the fire is burning
bright ;
And in the glow forget
The worry and the fret
We meet at ev'ry step we go in all the weary fight,

Each season hath its charm :
The Spring, the Summer warm,
The Autumn with its wealth of worth, its fruit and golden
grain ;
But still I must confess
The Winter has no less
A winning smile for me in all, except the fog and rain.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas now comes round again,
With all his pomp and merry train,
With laughing eyes, and cheery voice that makes the
 welkin ring ;
 Though icicles hang round his brow,
 And snow-flakes may be falling now,
We'll tune our voice to carolling, and cheerily we'll sing.

 Tho' Christmas, with his merry cheer,
 Comes oft' when days are dark and drear,
With fleecy snow-flakes resting on his coat and matted
 hair ;
 While all without is storm and cold,
 And flocks are crouching in the fold,
While poor folks shiver, thinly clad, and scanty is their
 fare.

 We'll bring the bowl and fill the glass,
 And give a toast to lad and lass,
While in the jocund dance and reel the tripping footsteps
 fling ;
 With sportive games make glad the day,
 For fleeting run the hours away,
That Christmas-time with all its love and jollity may
 bring.

We'll pile the yule-log on the hearth,
And make it blaze in crackling mirth,
While all the lads and lasses gay shall gather round the
board :
The mistletoe they shall not miss,
But, laughing, give the looked-for kiss,
And cull the joys that youth may claim and Christmas-
time accord.

Without, we see the frost and mire ;
Within, we have the glowing fire,
And all that gives to joyous life what happy work can
bring ;
Without are those who crouch with cold,
And misery that can ne'er be told,
And hearts that never hear the gladsome voice of plenty
sing.

Then while we joy with jest and song,
Stretch out a hand to help along
The hungry and the lowly that are crowding at our door ;
Give food and drink, that all may share
Some largess of our Christmas fare,
And make the wailing hearts rejoice among the suffering
poor.

YOUTHS PHILOSOPHY.

THE world is full of wrath and strife ;
The rowdy flouts the true and good ;
The best and fairest parts of life
Are blindly lost—misunderstood.

Now youth would counsel, glad and gay,
To dance and sing a merry round,
To laugh the dreary time away,
And let the jocund joy-bells sound.

In lowly cot or lordly hall,
Or in the crowded city throng,
'Mong every grade—the great or small—
Youth jests, and gaily trips along.

Come lads and lassies hear him sing,—
Hear what our youngster has to tell ;
Old Time will fly on lighter wing,
And merry music louder swell.

In field or lane, or by the sea,
In darksome night or sunny day,
He'll have his joke and jollity,
Let "Sober-sides" say what he may.

To wander where the sweet flowers grow,
O'er heathered moors, on breezy day ;
Or, idly, watch the ebb and flow
Of ocean in its rippling play

Upon the pebbled, sandy shore,
Or when the waves are dashing wild,
He'll laugh amid the music roar,
As happy as a little child.

Or if cloud-shadows come and cast
Their darkness on the flowery lea,
He'll patient wait till these are past,
Then shake his bells right merrilie.

Leave worldly care to those who will,
He'll catch each sunny hour that flies,
With honied sweets each moment fill,
And bask beneath bright laughing eyes.

No time to sigh—no time for tears—
Youth should be merry, blythe, and free :
Leave visage sad for weighty years,—
And that is youth's philosophy.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

SOME say my songs are always sad—
All gloom and melancholy;—
That I ne'er sing to make folks glad,
Or tell a tale that's "jolly."
Yet I can laugh and merry be;
But when I take my pen, you see,
I am that sad dull company,
Which wise men say is folly.

I love a jest and joyous song,
And gladsome laughter ringing;
I love to see the merry throng,
And bright eyes gladness bringing.
Oh, I can romp among the gay,
And join the merry game of play,
When roses deck the Summer day,
And silvery bells are ringing.

Though I am getting grey and old,
My heart is young as ever,—
Though with my pen, I'm often told,
I make folks sigh and shiver;
But here I vow that from this day
My songs shall all be glad and gay,
I'll make joy-laughter dance and play
Like sunlight on the river.

BALLINASLOE.

O BALLINASLOE ! wherever I go,
In all the wide world, far over the sea,
No place I have seen with the grass so green,
The maidens so lovely, the boys all so free.
There's one that I know, in Ballinasloe,
She's young and she's true—ah ! the best is she ;
Her eyes are as bright as heaven's pure light.—
Och ! Ballinasloe is the place for me.

There under a tree on Kilconnel lea,
Young Kitty and I sat the long light day ;
The time seemed to fly—no cloud in the sky,
But I can't tell a word that either did say :
'T was song without words, like carol of birds,
Like music that plays in the stream or the tree,
That sings in the corn on a light breezy morn ;
Och ! Ballinasloe is the place for me.

I've wandered afar, in lands of the Czar,
I've sailed in the storm on many a sea ;
I've seen cities old with shrines all of gold,
The Pope and the Sultan, as both used to be ;
I've seen mountains stand, so mighty and grand,
All covered with snow,—real beauty to see ;
But where'er I roam, the green fields of home
Sing Ballinasloe is the place for me.

And now I return to where I was born,
 First gem of the ocean, best flow'r of the sea ;
 The boys have no care, the maidens are fair,
 And Kitty, the fairest, is waiting for me.
 Och ! Kate, grammachree, of Kilconnel lea,
 The best and the dearest of any degree ;
 Sure quick I will bring the priest and the ring,
 To give pretty Kitty, the darling, to me.



TIPPERARY TOM.

SURE Tipperary Tom's the boy—
 Och ! Tom of Tipperary !
 His heart is full of whisky joy,
 His blarney's soft and airy.
 Now, whether it be wake or fair,
 The girls are always round him there ;
 And he declares each "sweet" his joy—
 Och ! Tipperary Tom's the boy !

Now, Tom was born in Shandon town,
 Where boys are 'cute and wary ;
 But how to crack another's crown
 He learnt in Tipperary.

Och ! faith, but it's a sight to see
How that sweet child will, in his glee,
Twirl his shillelagh ! Whack, my joy !—
Och ! Tipperary Tom's the boy !

Sure, how to tip the whisky down,
And kiss each Kate and Mary,
To sing like bard of great renown,
He learnt in Tipperary.

Och ! Tom, but he is nate and trim ;
And sure a playful tap from him
Makes Paddy quick his heels employ ;
For Tipperary Tom's the boy !

Then Tom he has a heart as big
As any man in Derry ;
And he can dance a rattling jig,
And sing a song as merry ;
But when to love he bends his mind,
His whispered words are soft and kind ;
He makes the darlings dance with joy—
Och ! Tipperary Tom's the boy !

He'll drink or dance, he'll shout or sing—
To fight he isn't chary ;
And he can make the rafters ring
The best in Tipperary.

In faction feud he's never slow—
 The first to come, the last to go ;
 He twirls his blackthorn like a toy—
 Och ! Tipperary Tom's the boy !—
 Whoop ! Tom of Tipperary !

TEDDY MACHREE.

A SONG.

O RUMTETY rowdy young Teddy Machree,
 A rare handy boy for a scrimmage was he !
 He twirled his shillelagh at every fair,
 “Och, tread on the tail of his coat who dare !”
 For Teddy would fight, he'd joke, and he'd sing,
 Till chorus would make the ould rafters to ring,
 And each pretty girl with her love-laughing eye
 Would give a blithe wink as young Teddy passed by.
 And of all the brave boys now, where'er they may be,
 Sure none is so brave as young Teddy Machree.

And now, you must know that Ted's chiefest delight
 It wasn't alone in the brawl and the fight,
 And though he preferred his poteen mighty strong,
 And wakes that were noisy and wild with their song,
 Yet all through the day could he see laughing eyes,
 As blue as the sunny blue light of the skies,

That made his young heart beat so quick and so warm,
For Ted was the boy to keep Katie from harm ;
 And of all the brave boys now, where'er they may be,
 Sure none is so brave as young Teddy Machree.

For Katie was sweet, and Katie was fair
As maiden could be that was void of all care :
She lived in a cot where the heather's perfume
Filled up the high hill-side all golden with broom.
Her step it was light, and her laugh it was clear,
Her songs were all tender and sweet for to hear ;
Her heart was as true as a young heart could be,
And that heart it belonged to young Teddy Machree.

 And of all the brave boys now, where'er they may be,
 Sure none is so brave as young Teddy Machree.

And, faith, but sweet Katie had lovers galore,
There might be a dozen—there might be a score,—
And each one was sighing, and “dying,” he said,
Which sure was enough for to puzzle a maid.
But when they came whisp'ring their love words so kind,
She tould them to whistle their love to the wind ;
Her heart it was with him, where'er he might be,
The gallant tho' rowdy young Teddy Machree.

 And of all the brave boys now, where'er they may be,
 Sure none is so brave as young Teddy Machree.

When Ted in his pride took young Kate to the fair,
The old and the young, in the crowd that was there,
Just cried a "God speed ye!" and let them pass by:
They knew Ted of old, by the fire in his eye.
The girls they looked back, and they sighed at their fate,
That they couldn't have the same hap as sweet Kate.
They shook their bright curls, and cried "Lucky is she!"
But the boys they all wished they were Teddy Machree.
So of all the brave boys now, where'er they may be,
Sure none is so lucky as Teddy Machree.

Dots by the Way.

UNDER this general heading, all the following verses in this book were written for, and published in "FUN," as comments upon some of the passing events of the day.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

A WEDDING! Hurrah for the wedding, say I!—
Hurrah for the lads and the lasses!
We'll wish them good luck and a sunny bright sky,
And dance to the ring of the glasses.

Now Connaught is going to bring home his bride,
A bright little rosy-faced darling,—
We'll give her glad welcome by cozy fireside,
Though some of the boys may be snarling.

Three cheers for the maiden,—three cheers for the lad!—
Let roses aroma be shedding;
Three cheers! May the guests be all merry and glad,
And joy-bells ring sweet at the wedding!

May hope that is bright, with its sunniest ray,
 Aye lighten the hours with its joying,—
 And all their life long be one blythe wedding-day,
 No shadow their gladness annoying.

A wedding! Ah! bright may the honeymoon glide
 We'll give them a hearty good greeting;—
 Three cheers for the lad, and three cheers for the bride,—
 May mirth be a guest at their meeting!



WAR AND FAMINE.

I.

A CRUEL war is raging in the world!—*
 A wicked wrong has wantonly been done,—
 And there into a peaceful land is hurled
 A savage host, its ruthless course to run.
 Wild, on they go with gleaming sword in hand,
 With blazing torch they fire the peaceful home,—
 Lay waste the broad and erewhile fertile land,
 And all “the dogs of war let slip” to roam.

* The Turco-Russian War of 1877-8.

Lo, here, amidst the wail, and cannon's roar,
The smoking cottage and the trodden grain,
We hear, like gentle ripple on the shore,
Soft sounds that please the listening ear again :
For sweet, O sweet, the woman's pleading voice,*
In tender touching word now sues for aid :
"Make once again the widow's heart rejoice,
Let little children be no more afraid ;

Come forth my sister ! brother ! every one,
Give now your help, and be it e'er so small,—
To succour, while the direful deeds are done."
In sympathy we answer to the call.

II.

We heard the roar, from far-off shore,
That came like fiery cannon booming,—
We heard the tale of bitter wail
Thrill through the tender twilight glooming,—
Of cruel blow from frantic foe ;
The fiend of battle madly flying ;
Now and again brave men are slain—
None save the stricken-down and dying.

* The Baroness Bardett Coutts published a letter in the *Times*, eloquently appealing for help for the starving poor in India, during the great famine in 1877.

Loud comes the cry from those that lie
In deep distress ;—the wounded, broken
By fire and sword, and acts abhorred—
We blush to hear the dark deeds spoken.
Now we would lend our aid, to tend
The widow and the sufferer lowly,—
And when we hear the moaning drear,
We'll answer with a deed that's holy.

But while we heed the direful need
Of those that lie all crushed and bleeding,
Let us be nigh when others cry—
Our own sad poor, who're ever pleading.

*A CRY FOR HELP.*

A LOUD cry came from far across the sea,—
A cry for help,—a bitter wailing cry—
From those now steeped in direst misery,—
Those famine-blighted, stricken down to die.
Forth went this cry through all the busy land,
That want was striking many brothers down.
O then came forth, with ready, open hand,
The rich, the poor, and She that wears a Crown.

Great heaps of gold were gathered quickly in,—
And food was given with a tender care ;
Sweet Charity, amid the world's wild din,
Came like an angel through the darkened air.
She struck the gaunt and ruthless tyrant down,
And stretched a loving arm, the weak to save,
By many deeds of valour and renown
That swept across the bleak land like a wave.*

The wail was bitter, and the moaning drear,
That filled the heart with saddened thought of woe,—
And then we heard of many, far and near—
That day by day go fighting with the foe
Of famine ; those that creep along the way
With faltering step and stealthy look behind,—
That seem to shun the glorious light of day,
Because it brings no hope nor word that's kind.

OUR OWN SAD POOR.

“OUR own sad poor !” How many droop and die,
Because no helping hand comes in their need,—
Because no loud-tongued trumpet sends a cry
That calls the heartless passer-by to heed ;

* The famine in India in 1877.

While mountain heaps of wealth are sent away
 To help our brothers in a far-off land,
 Let us be mindful of the waif and stray,—
 Our own sad poor, that at our threshold stand.

There, day by day, they crouch before the gate,
 Scarce daring now to raise the hungry eye,—
 With that dumb eloquence they calmly wait,
 Their pleading stronger than the wildest cry.
 While those who of the poor have guardian care,
 As deaf to sympathy as lead or stone,
 Leave aged women, famine-struck and bare,
 In garret cold to starve and die alone.



HELP FOR THE STARVING POOR.

Writing of Ireland in the early part of 1880, the special correspondent of a morning paper says, "I have never seen anything approaching the destitution which prevails among the poor at present."

WE'VE joked with Pat, and blamed him too,
 Aye, twenty times, and more ;
 But now,—when there's no work to do,—
 And famine's at the door,
 We'll ring our bells, that all may know
 The hungry cry for bread ;
 Through all this bitter cold and woe
 Now let the poor be fed.

Sure, when we hear a woman's voice*
Cry "Famine's in the land!"
No loud harangues or blatant noise
Shall make us hold our hand;
For England's heart is ever warm
Where true distress may be,—
To shield the weak from further harm,
And doleful misery.

As it hath been, so shall it be,
We're brothers, sisters all;
And Paddy, boy, ye now shall see
Our answer to your call;
For, ever, when old Ireland cries
For succour at the door,
Fond sister love to sister flies,
From this to Erin's shore.

* The Duke of Marlborough being Viceroy of Ireland at the time, the Duchess wrote letters to *The Times*, earnestly asking for help.

OULD IRELAND AND THE GREEN.

“Agrarian murders are becoming more and more frequent
Bailiff Feehan was shot through the heart while standing outside his
own door, and Farmer M'Grath had his head almost smashed to atoms
while returning from market. Neither murderer has been discovered.”—
Irish Intelligence, 18—.

O ! BUT there's many a glorious land
In this fair world, I know,
Where rivers run, where mountains stand,
And mighty forests grow ;
But sure the best I can recall,
Or any man has seen,
Is where the boys and maidens all
Go “wearing o' the green.”

O Ireland, fair and noble land !
So famed in war and song,—
So beautiful, so green and grand,
Yet crushed with many a wrong ;
Sure, gallant hearts have beat and bled,
Where victory has been,—
And foremost in the battle, led
The boys that wear the green.

The sorest ill she has to bear,
And one that's worst to quell,
Is, when her sons each other tear,
And 'gainst the laws rebel.
When men are shot down in the day,
And murderers they screen ;
Then good men turn their heads away,
And blush to wear the green.

Among the gintry of the land
That go to Parliament,
There slips, unseen, a rowdy band
That ne'er should have been sent.
In patriotic slang they rave,
Whilst smoking their dudheen,
That is an insult to the brave
Bold boys that wear the green.

There's all the clan of Brallighans,
The Blearies, and the Schans,
The Bletherskites, and Mallighans,
McDowdies, and O'Khans ;
If they could only get their way,
When drinking hot poteen,
Faith! but 'twould be a doleful day
For the land that grows the green.

If Ireland they would leave alone,
Nor rouse the bloody strife
That makes the widow's heart to moan,
And blights the manly life,—
Prosperity might flourish there,
And sunny days be seen ;—
Rich plenty, where the land is bare,
For boys that wear the green.

“Saint Patrick was a gentleman,”
And this we know of old ;
Before him every reptile ran,
He was so true and bold.
And sure I wish a Pat would come,
And sweep the country clean
Of all the raff, and dirty scum
That blights the dewy green.

THE CRY OF WAR.

[ON a rumour in the early part of 1877 that war would be declared between Russia and Turkey.]

THERE came a sudden, rushing cry of war,—
The trump was startling loud, and thrilled afar,—
 And nations furbished up their rusty arms ;
Then words defiant to and fro were hurled,
That scared the would-be plodding, peaceful world,
 And women quailed with fear and wild alarms.

We know there is a nation vast and strong
That lusts for war, or be it right or wrong—
 To hurl with scorn a neighbouring people down:
Oh, shall we now without a thought stand by,
And all unheeding hear the sufferer cry,
 While might is sweeping on with dauntless frown?

No! right is right where'er the cause may be!
Let justice now be given, full and free.
 No backing out because the host is strong ;
The time is past, and well that it is so,
When savage strength with reckless, ruthless blow
 Could sweep at will its wayward course along.

The brave old land that we with honest pride
Call "Home," shall ever be by honour's side,
Nor see the weak borne down by brutal sway;
Those in the right we help to hold their own
With our best blood and wealth, though bitter moan
May wring the heart when dawns the battle day.

Now we, with other States, send forth our brave
And wise in council, that they yet may save
The present time from bloody scenes of strife;
For we can never brook the cruel wrong
Of gross aggression, though the arm be strong,
Or barb'rous sacrifice of human life.

And should we see the gleaming sword once more;
The rifle primed, and hear the cannon roar—
See rapine follow close the battle-car;
Then fall the curse on him that lit the flame
That he might add, despite true honour's name,
New kingdoms to the Empire of the Czar.

AGAIN THE RAGING WAR.

[ON the declaration of war between Turkey and Russia in 1877.]

THE morning news tells forth the dreaded tale
That all good men with horror must regard,
And many stout of heart look sad and pale,
That now the paths to peace are grimly barr'd.
Once more the cannon's boom roars o'er the plain—
Once more the sabre flashes to the day;
The maddening war shout fills the air again,
And foemen grapple in the battle fray,—

Thus dragging nations, that would rather save,
And be at peace with all their fellow man,
To draw the sword, and send the patriot brave
To show their prowess in the battle van,—
And thus make many a yearning heart full sad,
And all the pleasant home ties rudely mar,
The peaceful village and the bright and glad
All swept away by desolating war.

The broad fresh fields are made the scenes of strife,
Where erst the lowing kine and flocks have been—
The homes, once happy, full of peaceful life,
See fire and blood blight all the grassy green.

The rustic cots in smoking ruins lie,
And rapine follows like a roaring tide ;
See maid and mother terror-stricken fly,
And men cut down and butchered by their side.

Now woe to him that lit the fire of war,—
That bade the flag of battle be unfurled,
And ruthless fury guide the flaming car—
Which sent the wild torch blazing through the world!
Aye, woe to him! for well we know the prize
That he has set his greedy heart to win,—
Nor recks he of the anguish or the cries—
The pain the poor must suffer for his sin.

O shall no loud-toned voice cry out, to those
That drag their fellow man to deeds of blood ;
That make who should be brethren meet as foes,
And vent their maddened passions, like a flood
Of savage vengeance sweeping all before,
No care for sex, or age, or sickly bed ;
O is there no strong arm can shut the door,
And WILL, that sacred blood no more be shed ?

A VICTORY FOR RUSSIA.

[There was great rejoicing at St. Petersburg when news arrived that the Russians had taken Erzeroum. Subsequent telegrams showed that the Russians had been beaten back, and the Turks still held possession.]

Now sound the trumpet! Bang the mighty drum!
Clang loud the cymbals! Give a shout of song!
Make clear the roadway when the heroes come,
All marching with a steady step and strong;
Let bonfires blaze upon the lofty hill,
Let beacons burn and fling their light afar;
Ring out the joy-bells with a merry thrill,
For victory crowns the brave host of the Czar.

Clang loud the cymbals! Let the trumpet sound!
Fling broad the banners where the eagles spread!
Let joy be full and gladsome all around
In homage to the troops the Czar has led.
Great Russia now a victory has won—
Russia invincible the world shall see,
And shout her praise, ere this great fight is done,
That she alone the conqueror can be.

What matter though the strife was fierce and long?—
Twice fifty thousand of her braves are down!—
Yet vast the armies—valiant, staunch, and strong,
That hold the great prestige of thy renown.

When man by man the Turks turned round and fled,
 The Russ pursuing till the day was done,
 Strong forts were ta'en, and gallant blood was shed,
 And so, *they tell*, a victory was won.

A victory for Russia, brave and strong !
 How this shall sound in history to come !
 Blow loud the trumpet ! Sound the mighty gong—
 Sound clarion,—cymbal,—and the solemn drum.

(The other side, that is the vanquished Turk,
 Gives quite a different version of the work ;
 They say the conq'ring Russ was fain to yield,
 And *they* were masters of the battle-field.)

P U Z Z L E D .

I CANNOT understand the news !
 The papers take such varied views
 Of what goes on in this and every other nation ;
 They tell how deadly feuds increase,
 Next page comes "rumour" of sweet peace,
 Which, further on, they tell us is without foundation.

It used to give me true delight
To scan the *Pall Mall* through at night,
And learn what busy work was going on around us ;
But now, I don't how know it is,
Affairs seem in a boiling fizz,
Then comes a bang of startling news that *does* astound us.

The ruthless Russ—the gallant Turk,—
Both surging on in bloody work,—
And how to win the fight each cunning trick is tried on ;
But this one thing I long to see,
That all the papers would agree
To give us news that can be, without doubt, relied on.



THE FALL OF PLEVNA.

[ON the fall of Plevna, which virtually concluded the war between Russia and Turkey.]

At length brave Osman has been forced to yield,
Surrounded by a vast o'erwhelming foe ;
There fighting on the fierce contested field,
And wounded ere they brought his banner low.
How this great soldier held the 'leaguered town
'Gainst all the host where Russia's might was seen,
Will give him laurel wreath of fair renown
That history shall keep for ever green.

Three cheers for Osman ! Give the loud three cheers
To him who held the fortress to the last,
Nor yielded it to threat or quailing fears,
But bravely fought till the dark shadow cast
By frowning famine, and the bitter cold
Made pale the cheek and sick the fearless heart ;
These enemies, the valiant and the bold
Could not subdue by force nor cunning art.

When every hope of coming help was past,
He marshalled forth his warlike braves to fight,
And hand to hand against the foemen cast
Defiance, though o'erwhelming was their might.
And gallant Osman bravely led the van—
And bravely was he followed in the fray—
In all the fierce, mad battle hurricane
That Plevna witnessed on that doleful day.

Who dares to say that Osman was afraid,
Or shrank to give the Russians blow for blow ?
He only bowed when famine came to aid
The cannon and the bayonet of his foe—
For he was ever ready for the fight ;
But this, that ruthless came within his fold,
Was worse than stealthy dagger in the night,
Or traitor who his country's cause hath sold.

Three cheers for Osman ! Though the day was lost,
And sorely wounded on the field he fell,
Like gallant soldier, steadfast at his post,
His warriors cheering in the wild pell-mell :
They fought like noble heroes, as they are,—
They fought in vain to worst the stubborn foe,—
To save their bleeding country from the Czar,
From murder, rapine, and from appalling woe.

Now comes a cry from those who bravely fought,
And there's a touch of sadness in the tone ;
" Good offices " from other powers are sought
To intercede, nor let them stand alone ;
Now all that prestige, or a name full high
Could wish to vindicate a warlike fame
Is done, let us with other nations cry,
" Enough ! " Stop now this cruel, wicked game !

PEACE OR WAR.

COME, Bruin, Bruin, lay thy mask aside !

The world has seen thy words were but a sham ;
The wild and savage Bear thou canst not hide
Behind the semblance of the simple Lamb.
The sword of Justice ! Put it from thy hand ;
It has no part in that which thou hast done,
And coming time shall stamp thee with the brand
Of shame, that this wild war was e'er begun.

No longer wear the cross upon thy breast
With pious look and solemn vow, and say
You drew the sword to succour the oppressed,—
The "Christian Brother" under Turkish sway ;
O what has been the succour thou hast given ?—
To clothe the naked ?—feed the starving poor ?
No ! thou hast with fierce war the nation riv'n,
And turned the fertile plains to waste-land moor.

Now Winter, with bleak, bitter frost and snow,
Brings sorrow worse than sword or cannon's roar,
And famine, with its withering blight of woe,
Strikes down the helpless there from shore to shore ;
Let this stern monitor, with piercing cry
Arouse thy heart, and thrill its core with shame—
That hapless thousands should be doomed to die
The awful death we shudder e'en to name.

Come, listen now, O rugged, ruthless Bear !
And sheathe thy sword, for there are nations still
Who have the power and ready heart that dare
To raise a force that shall oppose thy will.
Stand back in time, nor press the murderous hand
Too hard upon the foe you hold so fast,—
Lest retribution, with its fiery brand,
Should hurl thee down, and vanquish thee at last.

If “succour” was the only aim in view,
“To rescue the oppressed from barbarous hand,”
Show now thy boastful words were meant as true,
And let thy armies quit the dead-strewn land.
The future, mark, is resting now with thee !
God grant thy counsel may be good and wise,
And end the strife, whate’er the cost may be,—
Give heed unto the bitter wailing cries.

Let Peace once more her holy reign begin,
And fill the flowering valley with her song,—
There chase away with hymns the cannon’s din,
That suffering peasant may forget his wrong.
May these joy-bells that now ring in the year,
Ring through the world the sweet joy-bells of Peace,
Like pleasant music that the soul shall cheer,
When all this wicked, cruel war shall cease.

THE END OF THE FIGHT.

Lo, now that we hear the battle fierce is done;—
The sword is sheathed, the cannon cease their roar—
The Russian host great victory has won,
And Turkey's banner floats aloft no more.
The gallant Osman prisoner of the foe,
And with him all the hardy braves he led—
Here pinching famine, bitter wail and woe,
Where heroes fought, and heroes' blood was shed.

Now all the fighting's o'er, and Russia holds
The field as master of the conquered land,
We ask what now the present state unfolds,
Or how the promise with the act doth stand?
Did not the Czar proclaim his only aim
Was to protect the crushed and beaten down?
It never was, nor could be, in the game
To add new kingdoms to his "holy" crown.

Is this, which he with solemn vow did say,
The plan that's now laid down when fighting's o'er?
Will he retire and lead his troops away
From out the land, and quiet peace restore?
No, no! the mask hath fallen from his face—
The thing he set his heart upon is plain;
It was to smite and eke subdue the race,
And take their land now cumbered with the slain.

Through province after province march they on,
And leave broad banners proudly floating there
O'er fair bright fields. Now all their beauty gone,
The homes are ruins and the orchards bare.
Bleak desolation marks their onward way,
The peasants flying to the crowded town;
There seeking shelter from a ruthless sway,
And succour for the weak ones stricken down.

Alas, alas, for thee, poor beaten foe!
Small chance that happy days thou e'er shalt see,—
Down-crushed and conquered, to thy people woe,
For Turkey shall another Poland be.
O cruel war!—O base and wicked wrong
To strike the weaker down for greed of gain;—
The brave bold few are beaten by the strong,
But victory will not wipe away the stain.

*WHICH IS THE LIBERAL SIDE?*

A FIERCE and cruel war has held its sway
For many months, aye surging to and fro;
Conflicting rumours filled each anxious day,
To which the tide of battle won did flow.

One fought for home! The other to obtain
Extended power—a kingdom to divide;
And here opinion differed in the main
Which partisan was on the “Liberal” side.

Is't he who stands up boldly for the weak,
And advocates his cause against the strong,
Now and again condemning those who speak
Hard words to hide away a hideous wrong?—
Or he who urges, for the other side,
That it is right to take your neighbour's land,
To storm his cities, and then, far and wide,
Spread desolation with a ruthless hand?

Is't he who writes a simple verse of song,
Or wields a pen to rouse a cry of shame
Upon the power that madly strides along
In conquest, doing deeds we dare not name?
Or he who gives his voice in praise of might,
And cries “Hurrah!” to all that it may do,
Who says the cruel wrong was pure and right—
T'was “Christian love” to smite the gallant foe?

Or is it “Liberal” to uphold the Czar
In all the wicked work that he has done?—
To laud as righteous this great cruel war,
Because his mighty troops the victory won?

This most despotic king of all the earth
Sent forth his host with banners broad unfurled,
To spare nor sex, nor age, nor holy worth,
But sweep a neighbour nation from the world.

Careering wildly in their murd'rous work,
Deaf to each cry for mercy or for grace—
Now burn a village,—now strike down a Turk,—
The mother,—babe,—no matter time or place ;
By home and hearth or at the holy shrine,
On grassy field or by the silvery tide ;
There slaughter,—rapine,— tell me, comrade mine,—
Was this brave work done on the “ Liberal ” side?

Or is it “ Liberal ” to say both are right,
Now that a calm succeeds to stormy tide ;
They “ measured swords ; ” now past the horrid fight,
Who will the tangled question here decide ?
We only ask, for that we would have light ;
Will some sage pundit in his wisdom say
Which side is wrong, and which is in the right—
Which “ Liberal ” on this question of the day.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

[THE terms of peace offered by Russia at the end of the Turko-Russian war were very similar to those embodied in these lines.]

(RUSSIA *loquitur.*)

COME, Mr. Turk, don't look so glum and sad,
Be sure we are the very best of friends;
A little whipping now is not so bad,
When love, in charity, the whipping sends.
But this same war is costly work, you know!
Demanding care and watching, night and day,
To pay a part—(our purse is getting low)—
We'll take your fighting Ironclads away.

And as for that slight skirmishing we had
Beyond the Balkans, where that stubborn foe,
That Osman, fought—each Russian heart was glad
When it beheld his banner lying low
Upon the trampled, blood-stained, snowy field.
It cost us much to clear that for your sake!
A trifle 'tis we ask you now to yield—
That little place, Bulgaria, we will take.

Some preparations we are forced to make
To carry on the war should there be need;
You know these "preparations" always take
Some cash to meet contractors' horrid greed.

We deeply grieve at being forced to speak
Of inconsiderable things as these ;
Yet for this cash some guarantee we seek,
So we will take Armenia, if you please.

And, after these light trifles, here we see
Some other places you have had in charge—
'Tis true they are not many—two or three—
Nor are they populous nor are they large—
Yet have they been a world of care to you :
They always grumble and they fret you sore ;
Now, for your comfort this is what we'll do—
We'll take them all—they'll trouble you no more.

So cheer you up, old man, and never mind,—
Constantinople still is yours, you know ;
And even this, if some bright day you find
Too much to manage, why, we'll let you go.
So from this time you'll have no living care—
Your life will be a sort of gala play—
To smoke, and doze, and live on dainty fare,
And as the time comes round, your "tribute" pay.

SWEET PEACE.

HAIL now, sweet Peace! stretch out thy snowy wing,—

With rapid flight fly all the wide world o'er—

Let thy dear voice with joyous tidings sing,

That thou art ruler of the earth once more.

From ev'ry tower ring out the merry bells,—

Let beacons blaze from ev'ry lofty hill—

Let banners wave for this glad news that tells

How thy sweet voice all human hearts shall fill.

In token send the olive-branch abroad—

Let tender words love messages resound :

Dry now the tears—Remove the weary load

That grief upon the bleeding heart hath bound.

For, woe is me! A fierce and bloody strife

Has waged too long and loud about the world,

And widow made of many a happy wife,

And all the joy from many a home hath hurled.

The fertile fields laid waste and trodden down,—

The hamlets now in smoking ruins lie—

Where erewhile plenty, see cold Famine's frown,—

And maid and mother terror-stricken fly.

But now thy coming changes all the scene ;

For this cold night of darkness, fierce and wild,

Comes sunny gladness with its golden sheen,

Comes laughter greeting, happy as a child.

The bugle's blast, the deadly cannon's roar,
The clash of arms, the savage shout shall cease,
And all the clang of war be heard no more—
For thou art come to reign, sweet loving Peace !

Now young and old with merry hearts shall dwell,—
The pipe and tabor sound their simple strain,—
Full plenty teeming from the earth shall tell
That thou art come to claim thine own again.

Now let once more the stalwart and the strong
Renounce the cannon and the fiery sword,
That they may listen to thy silvery song,
And praise thee as their chieftain and their lord.

Let all the budding earth look bright and glad,
The meadows like a flowery garden bloom,
The mountain slope, with richest verdure clad,
With purple heather and with yellow broom.

Let thy glad spirit rule the mighty throng !
Let every nation now its glad bells ring,
Let all men sing the ever-welcome song
That shepherds heard the herald angels sing.

And flocks and herds shall join the song of praise,
Full hearts shall sing of triumph and renown,
For with thy coming dawns bright halcyon days,
And on thy brow shall gleam the laurel crown !

A PLEA FOR THE POOR.

"The stoppage of Cyfarthfa Works means to Merthyr literally starvation.—Human endurance is at the end of its tether, and people are dying of hunger."—*Daily News*, 1877-8.

WE heard a cry the other day,
And many days the wail went ringing,
That famine held its direful sway,
With every note a death tale bringing.
That blight fell on an Orient land*
Far, far away from our home-dwelling,
Then Charity, with open hand,
Went forth, her rich abundance telling.

And now at home we hear a wail
That thousands at our door are dying,—
Shall we to kith and kindred fail
While o'er the land this foe is flying?
No, no! we need but raise the cry
That our own poor are sorely pining,
To know that ready help is nigh,
For Charity is ever shining.

* The Famine in India.

Come forth ye good, the tried and true,—
Come open-handed, want-relieving !
As ye have done to others do
To our own poor, so sad and grieving ;
For work there's none, "nor oil nor corn,"—
And mothers with their babes are wailing,
Strong, hardy men are bowed and worn,
And brave hearts crouch, at famine quailing.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

"What is to be done for Ireland? What will Ireland do for herself?"
—*Daily Paper, 1880.*

Is Ireland, famed the bright and green,
For aye to be the land of strife?
Shall no more joyous days be seen,
No pleasant hours in Erin's life?
Shall blatant rowdies ever reign,
Inciting honest men to crime—
To deeds of murder that shall shame
Her annals to the end of time?

Here faithless men, to snatch applause,
To win the empty, thoughtless cheer,
Will sacrifice their country's cause—
Its weal, in this mad-blind career.
The viper and his crimes they screen
And praise him for the ill that's done ;
Oh, woe for Ireland when the scene
Of violence warm praise has won !

O worthy sons, ye good and true,
Prove faithful to your country's fame—
Drive out the blust'ring coward crew
That blackens all fair Ireland's name ;
Hoot now with yells the dastard churl
That fires the torch of rage and hate ;
Rebut the charge these cravens hurl
Before we hear the cry "too late."

Why should these men, with venom'd tongue,
Have all the say throughout the land ?
Here right and left are charges flung,
And no voice raised for truth to stand.
Ye lack the patriotic blood,
Ye better men of Irish birth ;
Ye should be up and check the flood
That sweeps your fair fame from the earth.

Rouse up, ye true, and take your stand—
Do now your best to check the tide
Of angry hate that stains the land
With streaks of blood both far and wide.
Come forth and preach the truer tale,
That industry is better far
Than murder, with its woe and wail—
Its crushing blight and ghastly scar.

*WHACK-FOL!*

COME here, my boys, and list to me,
An' stop that noisy brawlin',
Ye know the Queen, her Majesty
The Parli'mint is callin'.
When every mother's son must stand
Up for his country gaily;
Sing out the "Whoop!" for Paddyland,
And sport your best shillelagh.
Then see ye here, whate'er ye do,
Fight for the emerald green, boys,
And shout, "Whack-fol-tol-loo-ra-loo!"—
Whatever that may mane, boys!

And when ye get to London town,
 And in the Parli'mint there,
 Just tell the Spaker and the Crown
 The reason why ye're sint there:
 It's "Ireland for the Irish," men;
 Who cares about "disruption?"
 If we can't have "Home Rule," why, then
 Faith but we'll have "obstruction."
 So, look ye here, whate'er ye do,
 Fight for the emerald green, boys,
 And shout "Whack-fol-tol-loo-ra-loo!"—
 Whatever that may mane, boys!

Ye know we've got men, tried and sure,
 As ever yet were seen there,
 When they get up upon the flure,
 And tell them what they mane there.
 Then Whig and Tory, bow the head
 Before Ould Ireland's glory;
 The echoes where O'Connell led,
 Repate the grand ould story.
 So, see ye here, whate'er ye do,
 Fight for the emerald green, boys,
 And shout, "Whack-fol-tol-loo-ra-loo!"—
 Whatever that may mane, boys!

It has been said, we are such flats,
 If Ireland had "Home Rule," now,

We'd be like the Kilkenny cats
That fought the famous jule, now.
And if we did, I'd like to know
Who dares come in betwane, boys?
Whoop!—Ireland's where shillelaghs grow,
The whisky, and the green, boys!
So, look ye here, whate'er ye do,
Fight for the emerald green, boys,
And shout, "Whack-fol-tol-loo-ra-loo-o-o!"—
Whatever that may mane, boys!

*RUB-A-DUB, ROW-ROW-ROW!*

WHACK-FOL, and rub-a-dub,—whoop, bow-wow-wow!
Here's Paddy Whack, my boys, with his row-row-row,
We don't care what the people say,
We'll show them all the time o' day,
And how the boys in green can play,
Rub-a-dub, row-row-row!

It's the land for the boys now without any rent!
That's the foine new word we cry, that's the thing that's
meant,
And he that doesn't like the plan,
Why, let him do the best he can!—
For powder marks those under "ban,"—
Rub-a-dub, row-row-row!



Faith, but Paddy, you're makin' a terrible row,
Is this the right thing now, or is it fair play?
With your blust'ring and blather and whack bow-wow-wow,
When you've eaten the cakes, and then say you won't
pay.

Now, the man that would teach honest Paddy this same,
Sure, it's all for the bad that he's playing the game;
Go and pay up your rent, boys, the best you can do,
For you'll never come right by a hul-la ba-loo.

Don't ye listen, brave boys, to that rowdy Parnell,
For he'll lead you astray with his row-de-row-row;
Just you put in the plough, and the land soon will tell
Which is best,—reaping corn or a row-de-dow-dow.
Don't ye let honest men, when they hear of your land,
Think of powder and bludgeon in every man's hand,
But show forth to the world, though life's struggle be hard,
That you're faithful and worthy all true men's regard.

For the landlord will never be hard on ye, Pat,
If you work with a will to the best that you can,—
But don't ask for *all*; let the landlord have that
Which is his—That's the rent, Pat, so pay like a man.
Then you'll show those that sneer, or that try to beguile,
That the true, as the brave, claim the Emerald isle,—
Tho' there has been some bluster, and blather and row,
Still you're true to the core. Whack, my boys—bow-
wow-wow.

DONNYBROOK.

SURE Parli'mint is sittin' now,
So now's the time for talkin',
We'll have our say, and smile and bow,
While purty plans we're baulkin'.
The Spaker, in his gown and wig,
Looks grand, and tries to frown, boys.—
Whoop! Let him look his biggest big,
He'll never put us down, boys.

For there's Parnell, the heaven-sent—
The darlint and the beauty—
He says we mustn't pay the rent,
And that's a pleasant duty.
Och! now's the time to have our way,
While Parli'mint is sittin',
What rare good fun! no rent to pay!
While famine help we're gettin'.*

Now, let the nate shillelagh spin,
Your coat-tail, boys, be trailin',
For straight we go, and mean to win,
And laugh while fools are wailin'.

* The Famine in Ireland in 1880.

We come from Cork and Ballasheald,
 From Derry and Dungornin,
 And we're the boys that never yield,
 But fight from night till mornin'.

Sing high, sing low, go row-de-dow,
 The sun shines bright and cheery,—
 The strong, brave men are round us now—
 O'Biggar, Nolan, Leary ;
 We'll hold our own, say what you may,
 And have the people's rightin' ;
 O gorrah ! there'll be such a fray !
 Then whoop, boys, for the fightin'.



THE IRISH PARTY.

OH, faith and it's true the session is done,—
 The nights have been stormy and long ones,
 Though little, bedad ! the cause it has won,
 The spaches, och ! sure they've been strong ones ;
 And often the Whigs went down on their knees,
 And foine was the pleading of " Hartie ;"
 We bothered them all, and gave them a squeeze
 They didn't expect from the party.

Well, boys, but we've had a rare busy time
Spache-making down there at St. Stephen's,
The clock on the tower, though loud it might chime,
We talked and we tould all our grievence.
And wasn't it grand how we held to the fray,
Against all their party and spite, now?
We talked through the night—we talked through the day,
And row'd Mister Foster and Bright, now.

Och! wasn't it grand each night we went down,
While M. P.s were pantin' and quakin'?
Then some of them sneered—some laughed with a
frown,—
While the Spaker grew pale with our spakin'.
Whoop! tally-ho, whoop! There, whack, now go bang!
We kept up the blarney like bould boys,
Although with the shouting the whole House it rang,
Until all our wrongs we had tould, boys.

Whoop, boys! to be sure we made them all stare,
We made some go sound off to sleep, too;
And if they row'd back, why, what did we care?
Our front we determined to keep, too.
We told them how poor ould Ireland was crushed
Beneath the tyrannical heel, boys!
The cry for our rights should never be hushed
By bad English laws, nor by steel, boys.

And didn't brave Callan just give it them hot
About all the cash that they're gettin' ?
And never a bit he cared, though he got
"Suspended" the rest of the sittin'.
So up, then, ould Ireland ! Go for it now,
We talked through the night till the mornin' ;
What though they may call us all row-de-dow ?
These sneers we can treat, boys, with scornin'.

And now we've come back to Galway and Clare,
To Cork and to grand Tipperary,
To tell the brave boys of the fun and the flare
We had through young Dillon and Carey ;
And how we intend to play out the game
Through autumn and winter and more, boys.
Then Westminster ho ! we're ripe for the same,
To keep our big talk to the fore, boys.

TO "THE BOYS."

COME round, my boys, and listen ye
To this that I am telling :
The Irish blood runs warm, ye see,
That in your hearts is swelling ;
Now far and near the cry rings out,
"The boys shall have fair Ireland !"
Nor would we quell the honest shout,
But don't make yours a dire land.

Don't prowl about with sword and gun,
Marauding on your neighbour,
And shooting good folks down like fun,
And spoiling all their labour,—
That's not the way that Irishmen
Should guard their country's glory !
Be right, be just, be true, and then
The world will sing your story.

You know the thing, my boys, 'tis true,
If you would only do it,
To warm all honest hearts to you,
And never let them rue it ;

Don't go for "Boycotting," or shot,
Or crowds where mischief's brewin',
Nor league with those whose life's a blot,
And lead you to your ruin.

Just leave the League with all its craze,
Your fields you'd best be tilling,
Depend upon't there's better days
For honest hands and willing :
The land's your best friend, be ye sure,
And always answers gladly ;
Just treat it well, and, rich or poor,
'Twill never treat you badly.

*THE SONGS OF IRELAND.*

THE men who wrote the Irish songs
Said Pat was gay, and good, and daring ;
They never said that he had wrongs,
Or troubles that we should be sharing.
They said that he could dance and sing,
And rollick at the fair or waking ;
His cabm with the laugh would ring,
While he to Katie love was making.

But had they sung in these dark times,
When men foul deeds are daily doing—
They'd tune their songs to different rhymes,
And tell of blood instead of wooing.
Ah! who has changed the guileless "boy,"
And lured him from the path confiding?
Or told him a revolver toy
Was better far than law-abiding?

The heart that sang of "Minstrel Boy,"
Of "Tara's Halls," and "Waters Meeting,"
Of "Lady's Eyes," and songs of joy,
Of merry nights and friendly greeting—
How would it mourn at this dark blight
That's turned brave Pat to desperado;
With flashing steel and dynamite;
Where there was wit, now wild bravado!

We love the songs that Erin sings,
We laud the "boys" for deeds of daring;
Their fame shall soar on eagle wings,
To every land their good name bearing.
We lift the hat, and bow the head,
To patriot and to Erin's beauty;
But, oh! our hearts sink cold and dead
When dark deeds take the place of duty!

THE PRESTIGE OF ENGLAND.

[ON the opening of the Zulu War in 1879.]

Is the sword to be drawn in fierce battle again?
Is the cannon to flash and to roar?
Are our banners to wave o'er the blood-sodden plain,
And our warriors die weltering in gore?

When once the fierce sword from its scabbard shall fly,
And our gallants march forth on the plain,
Who can say, when the wild flaring war-torch shall die,
Or the blade seek its scabbard again;
O how often in sorrow and shame have we seen,
When the fierce gage of war has been hurled,
What a blight has come over the beautiful green,
Bright and flower-dappled spots of the world?

Now away sail our ships, far away o'er the sea,—
Far away with our gallant and brave;
The loud war-cry is sounding like wild revelrié,
And our heroes dash on to their grave;
For the fierce Zulu tribes have arisen in their might,
And in thousands swept down on our few;
But these braves only yielded when crushed in the fight,—
Man to man to their colours were true.

Now the sword gleaming bright has been drawn forth again,
 And we hear the loud roar of the gun—
 Of the savage fight fought on Isandlana's plain,
 Where deeds of great valour were done.
 For the brave British soldier is firm at his post,
 And will fight till he conquer or die ;
 And these Zulus shall find to their bitterest cost
 How their foremost in battle shall fly.

For England's prestige still shines glorious and bright,
 When the sword shall be drawn in her name ;
 And our armies shall yet be the victors in fight,
 Adding fresh laurel wreaths to their fame.



VICTORY.

[Written on the victory obtained by Lord Chelmsford over Cetewayo,
 July 5th, 1879.]

Now let the cheers for victory ring out !
 Wave broad the banner in the gleaming sun !
 Blow loud the trumpet ! As the people shout,
 Another glorious battle has been won ;
 The Zulu hordes are smitten hip and thigh,—
 Quick flashed the news across the surging waves,
 And through the land the thrilling news doth fly,
 Another victory for England's braves.

The Zulu hordes are smitten hip and thigh,—
All routed, scattered, flying far away ;—
The smoke from flaming kraals now blurs the sky—
Dark'ning the God-like light of sunny day.
A victory our gallant warriors gain,
And leave a trophy on the soldier graves
That lie unmarked on Isandlana's plain,—
Another battle won by England's braves.

And may this be the last we have to tell
Of battles fought or e'en of victories won
In this wild war, or, 'sooth, it had been well
That flashing sword had never seen the sun.
May now the snow-white banner be unfurled,
And peace with all its loving music ring
Loud joy-bells through the eager listening world,
And thousands joined the happy chorus sing.

RORKE'S DRIFT.

JAN. 22-3, 1879.

[On the night of Jan. 22nd and 23rd, immediately after the disaster to the English troops at Isandlana, a handful of brave fellows, about 130 in all, under the command of Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, fought behind an entrenchment of biscuit boxes and mealie bags hastily thrown together, and kept at bay, for over twelve hours in the night, an army of more than thirty times their number. At daylight, the beaten Zulu host retreated, leaving between three and four hundred dead upon the field, while the English heroes had lost only 17 killed and about 11 wounded.]

A MONTH ago sad news came to our shore,
That hundreds of our braves were smitten down ;
To-day we hear the news, like tale of yore,—
A victory hath won our arms renown.
The staunch and true, though scant the means at hand,
Beat back the foe that rushed in vast array,—
And won great honour for our native land,—
The fame of Rorke's Drift fills the world to-day.

Blow loud the trumpets, let the banners wave !
Three cheers for those that dauntless met the foe !
Old English pluck ! The valiant and the brave,
Led on by gallant Chard, gave blow for blow.
Now praise to those, heroic in their might,
Who held the host at bay ; the hardy few
That conquered in this battle of the night :
Loud praise and honour where loud praise is due !

FOR THE HONOUR OF OLD ENGLAND.

[Parliament was summoned to meet for December 5th, to consider the Afghan War question.]

WHO shouts for war? Who strives for loving peace?
We write these questions with a trembling hand.
Is it for peace or war that we increase
The well-trained armies of our native land.

Now friends and foes! Her Majesty the Queen
Has called her Commons and her Nobles brave,
That they may know how valiant she has been,
And sword hath drawn against this "Afghan slave."

Now for the honour of old England's flag,—
For gallant England's glory and renown,
Ye'll never let the noble spirit lag,
But help the hands of those that prompt the Crown.

'Tis no light thing to guide the fiery steed
That drags the car of public weal along,—
'Tis no light thing to see a nation bleed,—
Her brave sons battling to resent a wrong.

Who hold the reins should be both quick and bold,—
Men whom no caustic sneer can turn away,
But who, amid the hottest fight, will hold
Their sacred trust, tho' dark may be the day.

It may appear unreal and wondrous strange
That we, who jingle merry sounding bell
Should drop the bauble, and our motley change
For robes of sable, and turn sage as well.

But this we do in very solemn guise,—
And trust that patriotic fire may glow ;—
That all their counsels may be good and wise,
That England's might may conquer every foe.



A SONG FOR OUR BRAVES.

[ON the return of Troops from Egypt in 1882.]

A SONG now for the Guards,
Right gallant deeds they've done,
And liberal rewards
Their bravery has won ;
The world beheld with pride
On Egypt's sandy plain
Their dreary midnight ride—
The battle charge. Like rain
Before the raging storm they swept the foe away,
And victory was won at the dawning of the day.

There in the dull grey morn,
 With paling stars o'erhead,
We hear the bugle horn,—
 The shouts of those who led ;
We seem to hear the crash,
 To see the gleaming steel,—
The cannons roar and flash,
 The dusky foemen reel :
One moment at their guns they stood, then fled in wild
 dismay,
And victory was won at the dawning of the day.

Our heroes now come back,
 In pride they march along ;
Be sure they shall not lack
 Warm welcome, cheers and song ;
Tho' some were left behind,
 And fill a soldier's grave,
Their honoured names we'll find
 'Mong records of the brave
Who fell that morn while fighting and upheld old England's
 sway,
When victory was won at the dawning of the day.

JOYOUS SPRING.

Now, weary with its dismal fog and rain,
The Winter cold has dragged its lengthened chain,
 With scarce a gleam of sunny ray
 To send us laughing on our way.

And who these wintry months would now recall?
Come, sunny days! make us forget them all.

Come, joyous Spring! Thy soft green mantle spread,
And make the rich earth all a posy bed.

 Come, snow-drop, and come bright blue-bell,—
 Sweet primrose in the woody dell;
Come, Spring bedeck each grass field that we know
With buttercup and dappled daisy show.

Come, clothe the trees with bright new leafage green,
With pearly blossom where the snow has been,—

 Deck hedgerow and the rippling rill;
 Come, gold and purple daffodil.
Full throated song-birds flood the woody grove
With gladsome melody of life and love.

Now, girdled with thy dewy mantle gay,
Drive out the Winter and the dark cold day,
 That we may see, with all its grace,
 Thy ever smiling, comely face.

Let blithe young life come tripping o'er the plain,
And Spring! sweet Spring! be with us once again.

SPRING.

WE see the bright buds bursting into green,
We hear the young birds chirping on the spray,
And fresh new verdure where the snow has been—
All nature glad to greet the sunny day.
Yet, with this dawning of the budding Spring,
We hear the trumpet blast that loud doth call
The warriors forth ; and, quick as lightning's wing,
On peaceful vale the battle blight may fall.

The lambs are playful on the meadow fair,
The kine are browsing on the grassy lea,
And all around us, teeming everywhere,
Rich plenty flows as far as eye can see ;
But, O, how sad amidst the calm and peace,
Which now we feel in this old sea-girt land,
Comes angry threat of war that will not cease,
And ruthless still waves wild the fiery brand.

Though overhead the sky is blue and bright,
And all the fields are decked with gold and green,
A dark storm-cloud is looming black as night,
Be-blurring all the bright glad Summer's sheen ;
Though selfish man, with greedy thirst for gain,
Sends desolating war where peace has been,
Bright Spring returns to clothe the earth again
With sweet fresh flowers and banks of leafy green.

A-MAYING.

SHALL we go a-maying, pretty ?
 Shall we see the show ?
Shall we leave the dreary city
 For the woods a-glow
With the bloom that's gay and pearly,
 Sweetly-scented now ?
Shall we in the morning early
 Pluck the blossomed bough ?

Quickly don your coif, my Mary ;
 Let us haste away,—
Where the zephyrs waft their fairy
 Greetings to the day ;
Let us hail the May-day morning
 Lighting up the sky ;
Every blade of grass adorning
 Where the dewdrops lie.

Let us see the morris-dancing,
 And the Jack-o'-Green ;
Let us hail the swordsmen prancing,
 And the village queen.
Now we'll list to harp and tabor,
 By the hawthorn tree ;
While the hardy sons of labour
 Chant their merry glee.

Happy comes the May-day gleaming,
Merry, bright, and fair ;
Laughing like a maiden beaming
With no thought of care ;
Dancing in the daisy meadow,
Joyous as the day ;
Let no doubt, nor cold, nor shadow
Cloud our merry May.

*GLAD SUMMER TIME.*

Now in the lusty Summer time,
When sunny days are bright and long,
We see the clustering roses climb,
And listen to the wild birds' song.
When grassy meads are bright and green—
When flocks and herds browse on the lea—
On broad fields ripening corn is seen,
And leaves make music in the tree.

Now in the sunny Summer day
The heart of man breaks forth in praise
That all the land is bright and gay,
And full its golden wealth displays ;

The garden, field, and orchard fair,
Where fruits hang ripening in the sun,—
And in the heat of noon-day glare
Cool shady spots where brooklets run.

When sinks the sun at close of day,
And pale stars glimmer far above,
And seem with silvery tongue to say
Sweet messages from those we love ;
The breezes softly play among
The trees, and cool the grassy ground,
And music, like a distant song,
To soft repose lulls all around.

Then let man take of joy his fill,
When Summer sun is shining warm—
When purple blooms on heathered hill,
And scented air fills up the charm.
The wondrous beauty that we see
Full budding in its luscious prime,
Invites to cull the sweets that be
In manhood's lusty Summer time.

AUTUMN.

OF all the seasons in the year
I love the Autumn mellow,
When reapers come with merry cheer
To reap the corn that's yellow.
The barley waving in the breeze ;
The feathered oat above our knees ;
The ripe fruit clustering on the trees,
Crown Autumn best good fellow.

Come on, old friend, so staunch and bold !
We love thee well and truly,—
Although the fact must needs be told,
Thou art, at times, unruly.
For often sweep the heavy rain
And chilly blast across the plain,
But when the glad sun shines again
Our thanks we pay thee duly.

Well done, old Autumn, here again !
We bid thee welcome gladly ;
The pipe shall tune a merry strain—
Thou hast not used us badly.
We pray thee long with us to stay,
For Winter follows in thy way,
Then all the sky is cold and grey
With dark storms howling madly.

When all the fields are white with snow,
And Winter winds are dreary,
Then shall the fire more ruddy glow,
And lad and lass be cheery ;
For well we know the Autumn corn
Will fill the platter and the horn—
Will warm the heart howe'er forlorn,
And soothe the sad and weary.



WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE.

[THE Summer and Autumn of 1879 were exceptionally wet.]

WHEN joy-bells rang this new year in
We gave it glad ovation,
In hope that bright days would begin
For all the British nation.
Alas ! our dearest dreams are past,
Fond hope has proved delusion,
For these cold rain-clouds follow fast,
And give unasked ablution.

We fight along through dreary damp
With grim dull resignation,
For colds, catarrh, rheumatic cramp
Defy all legislation ;
And 'mong our other crushing cares
We see, with indignation,
That all the broad green field affairs
Have gone for liquidation.

The floods are out o'er all the land,
And in great consternation
The puzzled farmers wond'ring stand,
At this vast irrigation ;
A woeful thing this year has done,
Through lax consideration ;
By shutting out each ray of sun,
We're drowned in condensation.

Come fog, and storms of rain and sleet,
In close concatenation !
These bleak east winds and hailstorms meet
Devoid of regulation.
There is no method or degree
To guide our registration,
The hope that sunny days we'll see
Seems mere hallucination.

'Twere best we ne'er should greet again
New year with jubilation,
But wait till it's upon the wane,
Then act as the occasion
May indicate, for growls or cheer,
For light or dark stagnation—
There's little chance this dying year
Will win our approbation.

*CHRISTMAS.*

Ho, now for a merry Christmas !
We hail it with a cheer,
For ev'ry lad and pretty lass
Is glad that it is here ;
The holly and the mistletoe
Will make the home walls green,
While song and jest right merry go,
With all good cheer between.

Ho, now for a happy Christmas !
As in the days of old
The wassail-bowl did gaily pass
And drive away the cold,—

Now we will have our wassail-bowl
To gladden old and young,
And drink to memories that roll
As joyous songs are sung.

Three cheers for a merry Christmas,
For carol and the waits !
We hear the silvery bells and help
The poor folks at our gates ;
Around the crackling bright yule log
Let care be cast away,
And kindly words dispel all fog
From rare old Christmas Day.

Shut out the cold, shut out the snow,
Let warm fires blaze and burn,
And ruddy faces all aglow
Come laughing in their turn !
Let youth and age make glad the hour
'Mid joy-bells' merry chime,—
Let no dark thoughts nor anger lower
To mar glad Christmas-time.

CHRISTMAS TIME IS COMING.

COME lads and lassies let us sing,
Christmas time is coming,
Mistletoe and laurel bring,
Watch the mummers mumming;
Let us dance a merry round,
To the pipe and tabor's sound,
Joy shall in each heart be found,
For Christmas time is coming.

There's ne'er a lad nor e'er a lass
That does not love the holly!
The mistletoe they will not pass,
Nor slight this "sweetest folly;"
And in the dance, and in the play,
The wassail bowl and roundelay,
The hours shall, tripping, fly away,
Now Christmas time is coming.

There's storm, and rain, and heavy cloud,
Oft' shrouding moor and meadow,
While from the city wailings loud,
That cast their heavy shadow.

Calling for a helping hand,
Everywhere throughout the land,
Let us give what they demand,
 Now Christmas time is coming.

With open hand and open heart,
 With help let us be speedy,
Of that we have to give a part,
 To all the poor and needy,
That they may now shut out the cold,
Make joyful hearts in young and old,
That gladsome mirth may triumph hold,
 Now Christmas time is coming.

*A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.*

Blow, Winter, blow, in wild career,
 With bitter frost and snow,—
Close with cold blast, a doleful year,—
 Blow, bitter Winter, blow.
Yet all your frost and chilling cold—
 Your dull, grey, misty shroud—
Falls light when comes hale Christmas, old,
 With laughter ringing loud.

Come, Christmas, come, with merry cheer !
The days are cold and grey,
Full dreary hath been all the year,
With scarce a sunny day !
But thou, glad Christmas, come with glee,
With laurel leaf and song,—
With merry dance and minstrelsy
The hours shall glide along.

Though frost and fog are all around,
And stormy winds do blow,
Though snow lies deep upon the ground,
And brooklets cease to flow ;
Yet when the gladsome joy-bells ring
That Christmas time is here,
With lusty hearts we'll laugh and sing,
Despite the dreary year.

Come, merry Christmas ; let us see
Thy laughing face once more ;
Light up the blithesome revelry
And open wide the door !
Make us forget the storms and blight,
The bygone times so drear ;
Make sunny days of dark'ning night,
Old Christmas, with thy cheer !

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

May greybeards quaff—may hearts be glad—
The yule log ruddy glow ;
And in the dance shall lass and lad
Meet 'neath the mistletoe.
Though dreary be the world without,
And poor the game we play,
Yet on this day we'll sing and shout,
For Christmas holds his sway.

*A CHRISTMAS SONG.*

OLD Christmas is a merry time,
Despite the fog and frosty rime,
When all the broad green fields are clad with snow ;
For friends that have been long apart
Now meet again with loving heart,
Where yule logs blaze and ruddy cheeks do glow.

Our walls are decked with holly green,
And berries all of rosy sheen,
And mistletoe, where lassies loiter nigh ;
And what is more than this, we see
Young faces all so full of glee,
And looks of love, from bright, glad, laughing eye.

No tear shall start, no thought be sad,
But every heart be warm and glad—
The bells ring out with merry, cheery chime ;
And now the clear young voices raise
A chorus with the yule-log blaze,
That burns so bright at happy Christmas-time.

Tho' frost may harden all the ground
The simple joke, the merry round,
The tales that tell of cunning fairy lore,—
The frolic and the games of play
Make winter night like summer day,—
The song, like gentle ripples on the shore.

Come on, old Winter with thy cold,
Hard, frosty front so stern and bold,
Snow-covered fields and icy brook' and rime,—
We'll give thee greeting glad and true,
And dare the worst that thou canst do,
For that thou bring'st us merry Christmas-time.

A REMONSTRANCE.

YOUNG Eighty, what is this you mean ?
You look so sad, so dark and glum,—
Through blinding fog no light is seen :—
Come, rouse yourself, my little chum.
We grope about like midnight ghosts—
We cannot tell our friend from foe ;
We stumble up against the posts :
This sort of thing won't do, you know !

Will you not take a lesson by
The dismal year that's passed away—*
When all the light that's in the sky
Was blurred with soot and misty grey ?
To you we look for better things
Than Seventy-nine's bespattered ways ;
Let Commerce spread her golden wings,
And Work fill up bright sunny days.

Let laughing faces round the fire
Tell us of happy hearts and home,—
Lift 'draggled misery from the mire,—
For war let peace and plenty come ;
But whatsoever course you take
To make your niche with glory shine,
We beg, dear boy, for goodness' sake,
Don't be as glum as Seventy-nine.

* The latter part of 1879 was very wet and stormy.

HAIL, GLAD NEW YEAR!

HAIL, glad New Year! Come, blushing boy
Your praise we will not sing,
But wish that days of gushing joy
Your fleeting reign may bring.
The rough wild year that now is past
In rage and storm went on,
With little calm, down to the last—
We're glad that it is gone.

We'll look to you for better things ;
For plenty from your hand,—
May Commerce spread her glittering wings
Through all the busy land !
May want and hunger be no more,
But honest labour show
Its mighty power, from shore to shore,—
Its worth to high and low.

Hail, young New Year! Now, let us see
The bright and sunny day,
With flocks upon the grassy lea,
And fields of scented hay.
May ripening corn and orchard bloom
Delight all hearts and eyes,
Then, if there comes nor storm nor gloom,
We'll laud you to the skies.

But not a word of praise till then
Shall we hold forth to you,
For blighted hopes, within our ken,
And promises untrue,
Will make us chary, till we see
What sort of year you are,—
If you bring joy or misery,—
And what you make or mar.

*THE NEW YEAR.*

Now twenty years have come and gone,
And we have welcomed aye the comer ;
As one by one they still roll on,
As pass the spring-time and the summer.
We hear the midnight bells ring out,
The carols sung in joyous chorus ;
We welcome give with merry shout,
That tells of glad days now before us.

The New Year comes, all young and sweet,
No halting gait nor agèd shuffle ;
But fair and smart and dressed so neat,
Betrimmed with costly lace and ruffle.

The Old Year now, with all his care,
And honours that he won so fairly,
Goes tottering off with frosted hair—
Some blame, while others laud him rarely.

The New Year comes with winning smile,
His face is loving, fair and youthful ;
He might a maiden's heart beguile,
His words are all so soft and truthful.
He promises the long bright day,—
That wealth shall through the land be flowing,—
That birds shall sing and minstrels play,
And flowers bedeck the way we're going.

There is a something hangs around
Glad youth, when on his way he's wending,
And tells in ringing silvery sound
That sunshine shall illumine the ending ;
But what the closing hours may be,
What storms may come on land or ocean,
The sage must patient wait to see—
For we have not the slightest notion.

MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine! My Valentine!
Let sweet and rosy looks entwine,
And cluster round her heart, with merry jest and song;
With joyous voice and laughing eye,—
With lightsome step, that seems to fly
O'er daisy-dappled meadows, leading me along

Through grassy field and garden gay,
Where we may sing and dance and play,
And leave the rougher parts of life to others' care!
Give me, with my sweet Valentine,
To ramble in the soft sunshine,
And all the full, rich summer sweets of life to share.

To watch the love-light in her eyes,
That sparkle like the deep blue skies,
While birds shall sing their gladsome song among the
leaves;
I ask but that these joys be mine,
To live with my sweet Valentine,
Whatever other fate for me Time's shuttle weaves.

A VALENTINE FOR MAY.

O, but May is bonny in her bright glad Spring !
O, but May is bonny in her long light day !
And her laugh is like what silver bells may ring,
Chasing all the darkness of the clouds away.

Blithe is she and bonny, in the Summer morn,
Beaming like a newly-gathered posie fair,
Nestling like a flow'ret in the ripening corn,
Happy and contented as the soft warm air.

All so full of laughing life, when snow lies cold
Over moor and mountain, and on grassy lea,—
For her heart is warm and true as virgin gold,
Beaming in her eyes that smile so bonnily.

O, but May is bonny in her bright blue eye,
Sparkling with a gladness when the heart doth sing,
And each heart is merry when sweet May is nigh,
Blushing in her beauty like a morn in spring.

Blushing in her beauty, that is rich and rare,
 But the beauty of her heart is rarer still ;
 Her sweet lips are cherry red, and her cheek is fair,
 And her voice like music of the rippling rill.

Rich and rare the rose that's like to bonny May,
 Clinging in her love like the sweetest eglantine,
 Happy shall he be, who, on a gladsome sunny day,
 Comes to seek thee, darling, for his Valentine.



TO THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

RING out, sad bells—the old year dies !
 We hear the solemn ding, dong, dong ;
 Let us forget his frauds and lies,
 And pass them like an idle song.

But let us garner up the good,
 And store away with careful hand
 The honours won on land and flood,
 And noble acts that aye shall stand.

And tell to ages yet unborn
 How bright the lamp of valour shone ;—
 The gallant deeds that now adorn
 The escutcheon of the year that's gone.

Again we weave a simple song
To welcome in the glad new year.
"Ring in the right, ring out the wrong!"
Ring in with merry shout and cheer!

Give welcome to the laughing boy
That comes with merry carol lays,
That fills each heart with gladsome joy,
With pledge of wealth and happy days.

What tho' the heavy snowflakes fall,
And frosty rime lies on the tree,
Or drowsy fog hangs like a pall
O'er busy town and grassy lea?

What tho' the stormy sea may roar,
And foam flash up against the sky?—
Though waves beat madly on the shore,
And sea fowls screaming as they fly?

What tho' the stormy winds may roar
Through forest bough and o'er the moor,
Or madly beat against the door,
And pinch with cold the hapless poor?

Still with a shout of joyous song
We'll give a ringing welcome cheer:
For shall he not be lithe and strong—
This merry boy—the glad New Year?

GOOD NIGHT.

SLOW sinks the sun down in the west,
And all the air is rich and glowing ;—
The pale moon shows its silv'ry crest,
While soft the evening breeze is blowing.
So now, good night ; the day is done,
With all its joy, its care and sorrow,—
While some have lost, and some have won—
Good night, my friends, until to-morrow.

How cheery all the day has been !
We've carolled when the sun was shining ;
Or if a rain-shower fell between,
The dark cloud showed its silver lining.
The road of life has ups and downs,
Broad sunny spots, and broken bridges ;
The fairest fortune has its frowns,
The mountain has its slippery ridges.

Then cheer, my boys ! straight on your way,
Whichever course the tide be flowing ;
For some must work while others play—
All help to keep the old world going.
And so good night, the day is done,—
If care should come, a smile we'll borrow ;
Another day is lost—or won—
Good night, my friends, until to-morrow.

I n M e m o r i a m .

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

[BORN APRIL 25, 1843; DIED DECEMBER 14, 1878.]

IN sorrow and in sadness now we lay
Our sport and play aside, to mourn and weep,
In memory of a loved one passed away,—
A daughter of our Queen hath sunk to sleep.
In more than one fierce battle has she stood,
Hard fighting with the foe of all mankind ;
And proved the worth of noble womanhood.
The stricken down to tend, to heal and bind,
By father's, brother's, and by children's bed
There watched and nursed, as only woman may,
To smooth the pillow 'neath an aching head,—
And now, to her the Slayer comes to slay.

We hear the tale with sad and 'bated breath
That o'er the land has come a tale of woe—
That she is summoned to the arms of death,
And we no more her sweet, fair face shall know ;
In all the world, where lives the English tongue,
And honest hearts give laud for noble deeds,—
At every hearth her sterling worth is sung,—
At every hearth a heart in sorrow bleeds.

THE LAST.

ON THE BURIAL OF PRINCE NAPOLEON AT
CHISLEHURST, JULY 12TH, 1879.

LET fall the curtain, now the play is o'er,—
So quickly closed the short-lived chequered day ;
Farewell to one the world shall see no more,—
To one who all too quickly passed away ;—
Away ere he had lit the lamp of fame,
To take his rest, ere yet some deed was done
To shed a glorious lustre on his name—
Ere yet his knighthood's honours had been won.

Now all is gone that luring hope could bring,—
The soldier's glory and the clang of arms,
The beat of drum and eke the brazen ring
Of trumpet sounding forth stern war's alarms.
No rush of battle filled the dying ear,
No bugle blast nor stirring warrior sound,
For in the very dawn of his career
A Zulu savage struck him to the ground.

Farewell to victor's pride and victor's crown,
Farewell to dreams of grandeur yet to be :
The rule of empire and world-wide renown,
The ringing cheers and monarch's pageantry.

Farewell to all the glory of the world,—
Toll forth the bell, the solemn requiem sing,
For joyous life with one fell blow was hurled
To death when sunny hope was on the wing.

Draw close the curtain, let the heavy pall
Hang mournful in the quiet, darkened room ;
A people's heart doth bow, and grief-tears fall,
And all the summer day is wrapp'd in gloom.
Now hope and fear, and hot, heart-burning care,
And all the joys and pains of life are gone ;
Toll, toll the solemn bell, and leave him there
In his last resting-place,—alone, alone.

'There lay him with the mighty men of old,
Deep down beneath the lowly earth to rest,—
For all his spotless story has been told,
Of all his race the purest and the best ;
No taint of shame his valiant name shall bear,—
Too young for what the sland'ring world calls crime,—
There lay and leave him to the tender care,
The fame, or deep oblivion, of time.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[BORN DEC. 4, 1795; DIED AT 8 A.M., FEB. 5, 1881.]

CARLYLE is gone! His work of life is done;
A pilgrim, long he toiled upon the way;
And many a noble triumph he has won
With well-earned honour, in his busy day.
The life he lived was one heroic fight;—
The badge he wore upon his honest breast
Was "Truth;" his motto, "Whatso'er your hand
Shall find to do, go do it with your might."

By him life's battle hath been bravely fought;
"When shall we look upon his like again?"
The "old man eloquent" in mighty thought,
He worked a hero among mighty men.
Tho' some few tares fell mixing with the seed
He scattered far and wide upon the field,
See what a harvest for our highest need
His sowing to the whole wide world shall yield.

He sympathised with sorrow, and with joy,
That came upon his toiling fellow-man;
He held up every sham, all base alloy
To bitter scorn, and keenly would he scan

The charlatan in his fool's hardihood,
And hotly scourged him with unsparing rod ;
He held that man nor nation could be good
That did not recognise the hand of God.

In cold mid-winter, when the sky was dark,
When dull grey morning light had just begun,
The honest brave heart ceased to beat, and—hark !
His day of life in this grim world was done.
A life well spent, and now hath come the close ;
The pulse has ceased, and without sigh or moan
He gently sinks into his last repose ;—
The world seems darker now that he is gone.

Let us give honour to the mighty dead,
And he was mighty in his working day ;
Among his kindred is his lowly bed,
His world-wide fame can never pass away.
The work a great man does will never die,—
His well-won fame will spread through every
clime ;
Thy name CARLYLE shall brightly live for aye,
A beacon in the annals of all time.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

[JAMES A. GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
DIED AT LONGBRANCH, NEW JERSEY, SEPT. 19, 1881.]

AT last a message rings the doleful knell ;—
With lightning flash the tidings reach our shore,
And every face we meet the sad words tell
That patriotic Garfield is no more.

A mighty people mourns throughout the land,
And we in bond of brotherhood do claim
Close by their side in sympathy to stand,
And show that "kith and kin" is more than name.

The jester now shall fling his bells away,
And put a suit of sable on instead,
And with the nations of the earth to-day,
He mourns in unfeign'd grief that Garfield's dead.

Yes, dead by the assassin's ruthless hand,
Slain in the very flowering of his prime,
Which sends a cry of vengeance through the land,
And horror at the black, atrocious crime.

Though shattered all the promised bright career,
The hope of glory and a brilliant fame,
Cold death has made his memory doubly dear,
And sanctified his good and worthy name.

While every nation sends her greeting now,
And all the flags are floating half-mast high,
While bells are toll'd, and old and young heads bow,
And sorrow sits in every human eye.

Your annals shall proclaim with glowing pride
"Another great one's gone to light a flame,
That, beacon-like, shall blaze aloft and guide
Brave men to deeds of honest worth and fame."

DONE TO DEATH.

[PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, MAY 6TH, 1882.]

A HOWL of execration fills the land ;—
A sound of scorn goes hissing through the air,
In broad, bright day we see th' assassin's hand,
And hearts are wrung with wrath and dire despair.
Now hurried words are said with 'bated breath,
That tell how unoffending men were slain—
With fiendish malice were they done to death,
And Ireland's 'scutcheon bears a dark red stain.

A stain so black and foul has rarely been,
As this of blood cast on a country's fame ;
We shudder at the horrors of the scene,
For which our language fails to find a name.
Dark deeds of rapine, savag'ry, and crime
Have oft' been done in this green sunny isle,
Where nature spreads beneath a genial clime
Fair fields that sparkle like a maiden's smile :

But this the darkest and the foulest deed
That Erin's annals ever yet have told ;
Blank horror thrills us as we gaze and read,
And doubt if we the honest truth behold.
Can it be true that in the broad bright day
These brave, true messengers of peace were slain,—
And then the coward murderers fled away
Nor have from their retreat been dragged again ?

Ye good and true of this unhappy land,
Rouse up and quick remove the dire disgrace,
And man to man join in one steadfast band
To drag these caitiffs from their hiding-place,—
Lest men, in generations yet to come,
And maidens, blush with mingled shame and scorn,
When they must own their country and their home—
That Ireland is the land where they were born.

GARIBALDI.

[DIED AT CAPRERA, JUNE 2ND, 1882.]

SEE how the flags are floating half-mast high ;
In sorrow let us bow the lowly head ;
The sad words that with lightning-flashes fly,
Tell that another mighty hero's dead.

Brave, noble Garibaldi is no more !

Oh, how shall all his valiant deeds be told ?
He stood amid the deadly cannons' roar,
A true brave patriot with a heart of gold.

A long life spent all in his country's cause ;
Undaunted still he reared his banner high,—
And onward strode amid the world's applause,
And shouts of praise resounding to the sky.

Again, again he called his trusty band
To fight for freedom and for hearth and home,—
To drive the tyrant from his native land ;
His deeds shall live for ages yet to come.

But heavy are the dark cloud-shadows cast,
Now death has laid its hand, so icy cold,
On that brave heart that cherished to the last
The golden dreams his own brave words foretold.

He fought for home, and well the battle won,—
 He sought no honours but his country's fame ;
 Now life is done, the last great battle's won,
 And ever 'mong the brave shall live his name.

LONGFELLOW.

[On Saturday, March 1st, 1884, Canon Prothero unveiled the bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, executed by Mr. Brock, A.R.A., which has been placed in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.]

THERE is no place in all the great wide world,
 Where Anglo-Saxon is the spoken tongue,
 Or where the British flag streams out unfurled,
 Where patriotic song or ballad's sung,—
 But there is heard in kindly company
 With Burns and Hood, with Dibdin, Goldsmith, Moore,
 The name of him from far across the sea
 Who sang the noble song, "Excelsior."

He touched the heart with sweet and silvery rhyme,—
 He thrilled us with the pathos of his song,—
 He showed us wild men of the olden time,
 And painted suff'ring under cruel wrong.
 Yet ever in the light of truest love
 He swept with tender touch the sacred lyre ;
 And as he sang he caught, as from above,
 A blaze of holy, pure, poetic fire.

He sang of changing seasons warm and bright,
He sang of times that were all cold and grey ;
He sang of flowers and of darkening night,
Of Angel footsteps and of Rainy day ;—
The Blacksmith as he by the anvil stood,
The Skipper and his daughter drowned at sea,
The Maiden stepping into womanhood,
And then God's Acre, with its mystery.

E'en as he sang, so lived he in his day,
Aye striving for some good deed to be done,—
To show some thing of beauty by the way,
And tell how fame and honour might be won.
"His life was beautiful," so sang his friend,
With constant charity of heart and hand ;
This one more chaplet with his name we blend—
"He was an honour to his native land."

To-day we lay a humble tribute bare,
'Tis but a block of marble, in the place,
On which a human hand, with cunning rare,
Has deftly carved the sweetness of his face.
There in the Abbey, where our poets lie,
Where many a noble pageant we have seen,
Stands now this bust—where all the world shall hie—
Of him who told us of Evangeline.

GORDON.

[The fortress of Khartoum was treacherously delivered up to the Mahdi on January 26th, 1885, when General Gordon was slain.]

HUSH ! let no sound of revelry or song
Be heard in all our busy streets to-day,—
For such dark news fall 'mong the surging throng,
As sends men sadly pondering on their way.—
Sad news that sends a pang of crushing pain
To every honest heart throughout the land,—
Khartoum betrayed, her brave defenders slain,
And Gordon fallen by the assassin's hand.

Great, noble Gordon, ever true and brave,
That held this 'leaguered city 'gainst the foe,—
And all that man could do he did to save
The women and their babes from direful woe ;
But who can stand against the cunning art,
The cruel dark device, and darker sin
That traitors use, when with a fiendish heart
They ope' the gates and let the foemen in ?

Beloved by all who knew his noble heart,
Or ever felt the warm grasp of his hand,
The loving kindness and the ready part
He took in each good work in every land ;

A gentle nature, kind as it was brave,
To help the lowly in their poor estate,
He spent his life to free the fettered slave,
And guide the suffering to a better fate.

O, grand career, unsullied to its close !
Its splendour yet shall brighter shine, and tell
In glowing numbers how he faced his foes,
And how, by treason dire, great Gordon fell ;
With head bowed down we mourn the good man gone,—
But with our sorrow comes a sense of pride,
That, in the midst of foes he stood alone,
And died unflinching in the battle tide.

The tale spreads like a black cloud o'er the land ;
'Tis like a darkening blight that falls at noon,
When men together meet and wondering stand,
And gaze as though the stricken heart would swoon,—
The flaming sword, the "lightning of the spear,"
Shone in the place where multitudes were slain,
The air is full of wailing, and we hear,
Mingled with prayer, the groan of mortal pain.

GORDON OF KHARTOUM.

OF gallant Gordon sing we praise—
A shout to tell his worthy fame,
With ringing hearty cheers we'll raise
A chorus to his honoured name.
For valiantly he held his post—
And aye alert at honour's call—
Against the mighty Arab host
That yelled around the crumbling wall.

And many months went on, the same ;
He lay besieged in dark Khartoum,
No ray of hope or succour came
To light the ever-gathering gloom ;
But bravely with his little band,
With courage, dauntless to the core,
He fought the rebel hand to hand
Like hero knight in days of yore.

There's many an English banner waves
In triumph for great battles won ;—
There's many a stone placed o'er the graves
Of those who noble deeds have done ;—

There's many now of great renown
That led the van for glorious right,
And won the prize, a lordly crown,
For valour in the deadly fight.

Deep were the sands of Egypt dyed
With English blood in bygone days,
There deeds were done that have defied
E'en time to dim the well-won praise.
And now upon this scroll of fame,
Which no dark cloud shall ever gloom,
We place another glorious name—
'Tis gallant Gordon of Khartoum.





